

William Albert Mansell
Missionary

"But to Minister"

WILLIAM ALBERT MANSELL
MISSIONARY



WILLIAM ALBERT MANSELL, D.D.

The Life and Work
OF
William Albert Mansell
Missionary

BY
REV. LEWIS A. CORE
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
BISHOP JAMES M. THOBURN

“ Not to be Ministered unto, but to Minister ”



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METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
1914

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To all Young Christians, Indian and Foreign,

This Glimpse of the Life of

A Joyous Servant of the Lord Jesus

Is Affectionately Dedicated by

Her Who Knew Him Best

Bareilly, India

December Twenty-fifth

Nineteen hundred and fourteen

19200

PREFACE



IN the following pages, the writer has tried to depict the character of William Albert Mansell as a Man and Missionary. No attempt has been made to describe, with any fullness of detail, the work with which he was identified. From widely different sources, this testimony has come, "He was a model missionary." With this thought before him, it has been the writer's main purpose to try to outline the character of the man, so that the reader may, in some measure, come to know him, as it has been the delightful privilege of the writer to know him for more than a quarter of a century and to set forth some of his leading principles and methods of work which will contribute to a better understanding of the conditions that prevail in this mission field and which are eminently worthy of imitation on the part of the new missionary.

He wishes to take this opportunity to acknowledge his indebtedness to Bishop F. W. Warne, D.D., and Rev. N. L. Rockey, D.D., and others who have furnished valuable material for the book; also to Rev. B. T. Badley, General Secretary to the Epworth League for Southern Asia, who contributed Chapter XI; also to Mrs. Mansell who, with great care and discrimination, gathered most of the historical material, read the manuscript and made helpful suggestions.

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* From photographs taken by Mansell himself.

“ A pure, sincere and stable spirit is not distracted, though it be employed in many works, for that it works all to the honor of God and, inwardly being still and quiet, seeks not itself in anything it doth.”

THOMAS á KEMPIS.

INTRODUCTION



IT was my privilege to know William A. Mansell in the happy days of his early childhood, when I was somewhat closely associated with his parents in missionary work in Northern India. In later years, after he had grown up to manhood, and had entered upon his life work as a missionary, I had ample opportunities for observing his daily walk as a Christian, and his fidelity to the sacred trust as a Missionary with which God and the Church had invested him, and very soon I learned to regard him as a young man richly gifted with those special qualities which every Missionary should possess. At an early age he was prepared for responsible positions, and it was always felt that in his hands any work was safe and need not be a source of anxiety to anyone. He held what might be called advanced views, and believed that God would ultimately raise up a Church in India worthy of the name, and fitly representing a people numbering one-fifth of the human race. He was an optimist by instincts and he was richly endowed with the twin graces of faith and hope.

When Mr. Mansell's parents arrived in India, they did not find a very hopeful situation awaiting them. In all the Northern part of the country missionaries were few, and although not many were discouraged, it must be confessed that not many were very hopeful. The coming of such a worker, and such a family at this juncture gave the event a double value. The children brought up in a buoyant, moral atmosphere, were taught to sing triumphant hymns, and never doubted that a day would come when the last idol should be thrown down, the last temple abandoned, and both temple and mosque give place to the Christian Church and school-room. It need not seem strange that such children became missionaries as if by instinct, and never had there been any doubt as to what William's calling in life was to be. The Master's call reached him at an early age, and in due time his name appeared among the enlisted youths who were preparing for service in the great, ripening harvest fields of the Eastern world. As had been anticipated from childhood, his lot fell in India, but to him this was more like going home, than leaving home for a distant and strange foreign land.

I am glad that it fell to my lot to be asked to write a few words of personal testimony to the rare worth of our departed brother. He was a

gifted worker in his Master's vineyard, and his gifts were chiefly of the peculiar character which are most valued and most in demand in the wide field occupied by our Church in Southern Asia. He was diligent in the pursuit of the daily tasks which his calling imposed upon him. His faith never wavered, his zeal never lessened, his courage never failed. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of his brethren in the mission, and the abiding love of his Indian associates. The people of India generally, as is sometimes noted, are apt to read European character not only quickly but correctly, and I regard it as well worth noting that our brother, like his father before him, had few, if any, enemies, but hosts of sincere friends.

God's "ways" are not as our ways, and truly His "thoughts" are not as our thoughts, and we certainly have a thousand reasons for thankfulness that this is so. God knows best, and does best. We all admit this, but do not instinctively feel it. But the hour is coming when we shall know as we are known, and then with glad and rejoicing hearts we shall understand the mysteries which now we are only permitted to "know in part."

J. M. THOBURN.

CHAPTER I

THE PARENTS

THE story of no life is complete in itself. It does not begin with birth nor does it end with death. Parents pass on to their children an inheritance tremendous in its possibilities for good or evil. In this respect the subject of the following pages was particularly favored. To understand, therefore, the life of radiant service of William Albert Mansell, we must know something of the life of his parents.

Rev. Henry Mansell, D.D., was of English descent, his father, Joseph Mansell, having gone to America early in the last century and settled in Ohio. Henry Mansell was born in 1844 and early in life showed a markedly religious nature. When he was but seven years old he read a little book on India entitled "Little Henry and His Bearer" and dated his call to India from that event, although he was not converted till ten years later. He graduated from Allegheny College in 1850 about the same time that Bishop Thoburn graduated from the same College. Immediately after his graduation, he entered the Pittsburgh Conference and took an appointment.

He was married in 1861 to Miss Annie Benshoff, who was then in her seventeenth year. She, like her husband, possessed an intensely religious nature and, strange to say, like him had felt even in her tender childhood drawn toward India. She too dated her call to be a foreign missionary to the reading of a book on Mission work in India. She was but a little girl when the lives of Mrs. Ann Judson of Burma and of Mrs. Harriet Newell of India fell into her hands and from that time forth she was filled with a burning desire to be a messenger of Christ to the women of India. In a little book, written a few years after her arrival for the women and girls of India, whom she loved as her own little brown sisters, she tells in vivid language of her childhood life and longings and struggles, of her conversion at the age of eleven, of her childhood faults and failures, of her temptations and defeats and victories, of how Christ had enabled her to overcome and of how He had graciously used her in the joyous service of winning many of her playmates to Him.

At the age of fourteen she was teaching a Sunday School class. She had previously taken the prize in her Sunday School for having committed the most Bible verses. Soon after this she was taken very sick and her life was despair-

ed of, but, contrary to the expectations of all, for even the doctor had given her up, she began to rally and was soon on the way to recovery. The pastor of the church who was present, when the sudden change for the better took place, was amazed and remarked to her mother, "Surely God has some great work for her to do and for this has spared her life. It may be that He wants her to take the message of salvation to China or Africa or to India." Kneeling down he thanked God for her recovery and fervently prayed that, whatever be the work for which she had been spared, she might be given strength to perform it.

Not long after this, Henry Mansell was appointed to the charge in which she lived. It was a Circuit with five different appointments. Some time after beginning his work on his new Circuit, Henry Mansell was invited to the Benshoff home for dinner one day. At the table the young pastor remarked to Mrs. Benshoff, that every thing in her house was so clean and nice, and the food so well cooked and served, and the simple furniture all so nice, adding that at the place he was boarding things were different and asked if they could not take him as a boarder. She replied that they had but one spare room and that was much too small for him and that he would suffer great inconvenience with them, but

he insisted, and so it was arranged that instead of their paying toward his salary he should come and live with them and that his board should be counted as the Benshoff assessment toward the pastor's salary. This arrangement suited all around and he at once moved his very few belongings to his new home. This was the beginning of his acquaintance with the girl who was to become his wife and whose call to India, by a strange providence, was so nearly identical with his own.

Soon after the birth of their daughter Hettie, the call came to get ready to go to India. On the 2nd of September, 1862, these two young people so peculiarly suited to each other, with one common, consuming love for the Christ who had saved them and for the people of India, in company with a number of other missionaries, embarked on the sailing vessel, the *Guiding Star*, from the Boston harbour for India. In those days the journey was a long and tedious one by the Cape of Good Hope. It was nearly five months later, after encountering every vicissitude of storm and calm, incident to a slow sailing vessel, that they arrived in Calcutta. Few of that heroic band, as with tearful eyes they watched the shores of the dear father-land recede and fade away in the distance, ever expected to be gladdened by a vision of home and loved ones again.

A few days after landing at Calcutta, they began the long and hard journey up country, travelling a little distance by train and for the rest being carried in doolies on the shoulders of men. Of that journey we know little save that on one occasion they were for some reason for twenty-four hours without food. They entered on the service to which they had consecrated their lives, with all the enthusiasm of youth, inspired with a great love and consecrated body and soul to a great purpose. They soon mastered the language and were talking to the people in their own tongue. Mrs. Mansell especially had uncommon ability in picking up a strange language and was soon talking freely with the women sitting with them on the floor, as one of them. She was a refined woman of charming character, with a love for the beautiful, with musical taste and full of tender gayety, loving and beloved, deeply pious, full of sympathy for the women of India and sought by every means to bring into their lives, some of the intellectual and spiritual riches that made her own life so full and beautiful.

Her mission to the women of India, though one abundant in labours and fruitful in results, was not destined to be of long duration. Much of the time after reaching her first appointment she was more or less of an invalid. They sought various

climates both on the plains and in the hills but it soon became evident that she could not endure the life of a missionary in India and in 1871 she was ordered to return to America with her children. She returned to Kent, Ohio, where, for two years in weakness and suffering, she made her home till she was called to the heavenly home.

Dr., afterwards Bishop, Parker wrote to W. A. Mansell, "Your mother was a blessed woman. Her whole character was nobility itself personified. She could no more do an ungenerous thing than she could cease to breathe. We loved her as we loved few friends." Her devotion to India was shown in her decision to face the long journey to the home-land alone and, although she was a sick woman, to take care of the three small children, without the help of her husband who could ill be spared at the time.

Dr. Henry Mansell, during his long and useful missionary career, filled acceptably almost every post in the field. His various appointments cover almost the whole round of mission activity. He was at different times Superintendent of the more important Districts of what is now the North and North-West India Conferences as well as Principal of the Theological Seminary in Bareilly, of the school in Lucknow that afterwards developed into the Reid Christian College



THE NORTH INDIA CONFERENCE
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
DURING DR. W. A. MANSELL'S TERM OF SERVICE

(The section east of the Ganges River is included
in the Conference bounds).

and was, for the last years of his active service, in charge of the European Boys' School in Mussoorie, Philander Smith Institute.

He was a master of the Hindustani language and an excellent preacher in the market places and in the fairs. He made a number of substantial contributions to the Christian literature of the vernacular as well as the translation of some useful hymns. His translations of the works of Josephus and the life of Wesley and other standard works as well as his translations of several volumes of Whedon's Commentaries will long remain, among many others, as monuments of his busy life. His scholarship in the Hindustani language received fitting recognition, in the fact, that he was chosen as a member of the committee on the revision of the New Testament.

His chief occupation was however in winning souls and, up to the end of his life, he was ever occupied with his "Father's business." Although, when he saw that his powers were beginning to fail, he voluntarily retired from active connection with his Conference many years before his death, yet only when his last sickness made it impossible for him to continue the work he so much loved, did he cease from active service for his Master on earth. He was ever engaged in

preaching somewhere, writing for some paper or preparing a tract, translating some useful book, visiting and praying with the Christians of the community where he lived.

Up to the very last he maintained that cheerful sunny disposition that so endeared him to all. While living with his son one petition in his daily grace at meals was, "Make us happy to-day." Being happy was a necessity to him as well as a duty. He never grew old; he never ceased to be interested in young people and in the things that interested them; he was on the look out for newer methods of work and ready to fall into line with whatever promised better results than existing methods. Of sorrow and afflictions he had his full share, but they were not permitted to cast a shadow over his life. He lost sight of his own sorrows in his anxiety to be a comfort to others in sorrow.

Although the weight of years was on him with its attendant weakness, yet he would not permit himself to become a burden to those with whom he lived, but on the other hand strove to the end to be a burden-bearer. His own unfailing cheerfulness created an atmosphere of cheerfulness. By his faith and courage and uniform cheerfulness and his appreciation of all that was good in others, he brought strength and brightness into

the lives of all. His helpful ministry and saintly life were a benediction to all. Wherever in India the name of Henry Mansell is known, he is loved and revered as a saint and a man of God. Like Abraham of old, he lived so close to God that he not only received daily of the divine blessing, but he in turn became a source of blessing to all with whose lives he came into touch.

He passed quietly away at the home of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Hettie Mansell Monroe, in Bristol, Conn, in November 1911. The son had arranged the date of his own return to India but was able to attend the funeral services of the father and had just time to catch the steamer that was to take him back to the land to which they had both given their lives.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD DAYS

WILLIAM Albert Mansell was born in Moradabad March 30, 1864, Moradabad being his father's first appointment in the mission field. Rev. Zahur ul Haqq, our first convert and the first Native District Superintendent in Asia, was a witness to Mansell's baptism. In 1867, Henry Mansell was transferred to Bijnor, of which we shall have more to say later, and a year later to Pauri in the mountains of Garhwal, four marches from the plains. Here, amid the mighty mountain ranges and in view of some of the finest scenery in the whole world, was to be spent the next four years of the Mansell family.

The little Mission Station of Pauri was opened by Bishop Thoburn two or three years previously, at the urgent request of the chief British official of the great Himalayan country, Sir Henry Ramsey, known by the hill people as Ramji Sahib, who was himself a loyal follower of the Christ and a warm friend of missions and who, on account of his great strength of character and the uniqueness of his rule, was called "the king of Kumaon." Garhwal is the "holy land" of the



HIS CHILDHOOD HOME IN THE HIMALAYAS
(Pauri, Garhwal)

Hindus. These majestic mountains are the birth place of mighty rivers that are at the same time sacred to the Hindus and spread fertility throughout the vast plains below. Some of the mightiest gods of India are supposed to have their residence here. Among the many sacred shrines are two in particular, Badrinath and Kidarnath, high up on the mountain sides, beneath the eternal snows. These are visited annually by 50,000 pilgrims from all over India. It is a pathetic sight to see these processions working, slowly and painfully, their way up the steep precipitous sides of the mountains and over ridge after ridge till at last, after almost incredible toil and suffering borne with uncomplaining stoicism, they reach the sacred shrine, the goal of years of desire and of three weeks of toil through the mountains, and exposure to the rigor of the mountain climate.

The District of Garhwal rising with startling abruptness from the great flat plains, consists of huge billows of green, stretching on and on till it reaches the snow covered "roof of the world." On the crests and in the troughs of these splendid waves, live 500,000 people who wrest some sort of a living out of the inhospitable slopes. "The Mission house," says Bishop Thoburn, "stands on the northern spur of a mountain

5,500 feet high while the mountain to the rear towers 2,000 feet higher against a sky of deepest blue, while all along on the horizon in front, the vast range of snowy peaks which stand like giant sentinels along the Thibetan frontier, afford a spectacle of grandeur rarely witnessed. In this District are five snow capped peaks each over 22,000 feet high. The scenery is second to none in the world. Switzerland is tame in comparison. The roads are mere paths cut along the sides of almost perpendicular mountains. There are no wheeled carriages in the district. Harvests are carried home on the heads of the reapers. Fields are narrow terraces from ten to a hundred feet wide depending on the steepness of the mountain sides."

Of companionships the future missionary had little, save that of his sister Hettie, his baby sister Sadie and the son of the leading official of the station, living more than a mile away, and the Christian boys of the compound. Aside from these, their nearest neighbor lived, in point of actual distance, about eighty-five miles away but, in point of time required to reach them, about as far away as is San Francisco from St. Louis. Sometimes a missionary with his family would come to Pauri for a month to escape the great heat of the plains. Then there was the Annual Confer-

ence which the children usually attended along with their parents. This constituted the associations of the missionary, to be, with the outside world for about three years.

School facilities were at a low ebb. There was a Hindu pandit who taught a little school for a few children, Christian and other, who had been gathered, but in this he could get only the vernaculars. His elder sister Hettie had spent the summer of 1866 with Mrs. Parker who had taught her some English and she in turn taught her brother all she knew. Day schools which are so essential to the modern pupil, do not appear to have been greatly missed in this isolated mountain home for the father wrote of his son when he was but six years of age, "Hettie and Willie read English so as to read the Bible at prayer time and they can read Hindustani in two alphabets." A little later he wrote, "Willie knows perfectly three alphabets and reads well in three languages" and then adds, "He is really a good boy but a little forgetful at times."

English children in India learn the vernacular along with their mother tongue. Indeed it is not always easy to say just which is the mother tongue of the Indian born child. Parents generally talk to their children in the vernacular as it

seems more like a baby language than does our stiffer and more angular English tongue, while from the Indians, whether servants or visitors, they hear only the language of the land and so the baby tongue learns to lisp its first words in the vernacular. But along with this he quickly picks up English and so the parallel process goes on the child hardly knowing which language he is using though he generally keeps them distinct, the one from the other. The complexion and dress of the person determines the language he uses in addressing that person and, in each, he is equally free and fluent and the change from the one to the other is made almost unconsciously. It is one of the wonders of the child's mind that he can thus learn the two languages, naturally and easily, and without confusion at the same time, and instinctively and without conscious effort, shift unerringly from the one to the other.

The following letter to his grandfather in America, written at the boy's dictation, by his father is interesting for many reasons. It reveals the alert, wide awake, observing mind of the rapidly developing boy of six; it throws a side light on his life far up among the mountains in the isolated mission station of Pauri and it also shows how the Hindustani idiom had warped his English and drawn it slightly toward itself.

“I send you a letter to say that have you any nice thing to send us or not? If you have then send us a box to put my pens and ink in and send me a nice big dictionary. (It was for the sake of the pictures, he wanted it). Just one. I send you a lot of kisses and love. I'll come to live with you in four years. If you send us a letter, send it before we won't be there (The exact translation of the Hindustani idiom). My papa has a nice study table and he does make every thing he can make. And I have two rabbits and one bird. One day Uncle Wilson (Rev. P. T. Wilson) and Papa gone up to the school house to kill a leopard. Then the sweeper did go to get a sheep and he did that and the sheep ran away and Uncle Wilson did shoot the sheep and he thought it was the leopard. My Mama is going in a rail road to the plains to see Auntie Parker and Uncle Parker. I saw all the missionary children that were on the plains at Bareilly (at the session of the Conference). One Chinaman girl is here. She reads English and Hindi and Hettie hears her read every day. Then my Mama does hear how she does pronounce it and she don't learn and she don't know it nice. And we have a Chinaman boy and he does read English and Hindi. I don't know how he does pronounce it to my teacher. I does read English,

and Hindi and Urdu and I have an Urdu Bible. I go to hear preaching and to prayer meeting and class meeting. I try to tell the people to be good. One school boy did die and two boys are sick. . . . Sister Garstin does send mangoes for Hettie and me. Teddie is not a big boy. I am taller than him. Teddie is Captain Garstin, the Magistrate's son."

Mrs. Mansell's continued illness made it imperative that she return to the homeland. The doctors declared that she could not possibly recover in India, but that at home she had some chance. Rev. J. W. Waugh and family were returning on furlough after twelve years of service, so it was decided that Mrs. Mansell and family should return with them. Henry Mansell saw his wife and children off at Bombay and with heavy heart but strong in courage and devotion returned to his work to fight the battle alone for a year or two. Thus in February 1871 little Willie Mansell, at the age of seven years, took leave of the land of his birth which he was not to see again till eighteen years later when, as a newly appointed missionary full of enthusiasm and love for the people who had been his childhood playmates and whom he had then learned to love, he should begin among them a life of joyous service.

A year later, as Mrs. Mansell grew steadily worse, Henry Mansell took leave and went home to join his family in Ohio where he remained till after the death of Mrs. Mansell in 1873. There are very few records of the life of the son during these succeeding years. His residence in Pauri on the borders of a great jungle which was the abode of leopards, bears, barking deer and other wild animals, large and small, had made a deep impression on the lively imagination of the boy. He was slightly over eight years old when the father writing to Rev. E. W. Parker says, "Bill is a great chap to spin long yarns. Hettie thinks it is wicked; so his Mother has put him in the way of telling leopard, tiger, bear, elephant and other animal stories. These are more attractive to the children and so Bill goes in on them." Then he goes on to say how his son had written an essay and read it before the school, to the great delight of the pupils, thrilling them with adventures with wild animals and of hair breadth escapes in which his father often figured as the hero. But Hettie had come home weeping and heart broken, for not a word of it had been true. About this time he had read Livingstone's adventures in Africa and, eager to supply the demand on the part of his schoolmates for thrills, the lively imagination of the precocious

boy did not always preserve inviolate the geographical distinction between Africa and India nor did he always succeed in keeping separate the personalities of his father and Dr. Livingstone. If further evidence is needed to show that the missionary, whose devotion and saintly life in after years made such a deep impression on the people of India, was just a natural boy full of fun and good red blood, the following extract from a letter to his father, when he was nine years old, will help to prove. "Yesterday I had to sit behind the door because I slammed it. I learned a piece and this is it. 'How to live in peace. (1) Mind your own business. (2) Keep your tongue from evil. (3) Do not contend for every trifle, whether it be a matter of right or of opinion. (4) If others neglect their duty to you, be sure you perform yours to them. (5) Make your enemy your friend. (6) Be humble'." These simple rules, committed while sitting behind the door as a punishment for a trifling offence, must have entered deeply into the soul of the little offender, for, whether consciously or otherwise, his whole after life would seem to have been moulded in beautiful harmony with them.

From the information available, it is impossible to reproduce any thing like a continuous story of his boyhood days. An occasional letter to

his father throws a gleam of light on certain phases of it and indicates stages of mental and spiritual development. In childhood, he chose the books that he read, with a discretion and judgment far beyond his years. At the age of ten, we find him recording a vow not to read any more Sunday School literature till he had read the Discipline, Kingsley's travels and some other books of similar gravity which he had not read and with which the boy of ten felt it to be his duty to be familiar. To what purpose he read the Discipline was often evident during the years of his ministry, when he was asked to expound some knotty question or to help untangle some disciplinary snarl in which the Conference found itself suddenly involved.

His mental hunger was not easily satisfied and, until he had found a satisfactory answer to his question or mastered the subject in hand, he did not rest. His teacher's answer to the question, as to why the earth did not fall into the sun, failing to measure up to his mental standard, he wrote to his father, for whose learning he had profound respect, for a fuller answer.

The great event of his life occurred when he was about ten years old. In simple boyish terms he tells his father of this all important event. He says, "I was at the 'mourners' bench' last

Saturday night to seek the Saviour. I am going to try to be a better boy and go to India." His Grandfather, writing of the conversion of the boy, says, "Your son Willie is going to make a noble man. He is learning very fast. He went up (to the penitent form) like a man and prayed to the Lord to bless him and He did. I had hold of his hand, when he commenced to shout 'Glory ! glory !' How I did wish you could have been there to help praise the Lord !"

He was accustomed to attend class and prayer meetings from early childhood, but he began now to hold them himself. He and Hettie gathered all the children they could get together and held meetings for them. Writing to his father the boy of ten says, "I know God is with us. Papa, I want you to pray for us that we may be prospered in our work." In May of the same year he and Hettie had begun to work in a Mission Sunday School in East Newark. Hettie had gone over and scrubbed the room and, together with some outside help, they conducted a Sunday School, but, while there was a nominal superintendent, yet, in truth, Will did the work. This school began with a small attendance, but increased rapidly, till a year later, there was an average attendance of eighty scholars. This school eventually grew into a church and now

the East Newark Church, with its splendid building and large congregation, is, in a large measure, the outgrowth of the missionary zeal of Hettie and Will Mansell. In 1911 Dr. Mansell had the pleasure of preaching in the church which, as a boy of ten, he had helped to start.

One incident of his boyhood days has been preserved by a school boy friend, now a missionary in India. He says, "My first sight of the *Indian Witness* was in those days. He was reading it one afternoon as we came home from school, and it gives me pleasure to think that, in God's providence, I was the means of saving his life. As we walked along, he reading the *Witness*, we came to the railway track which divides Newark from East Newark where our homes were. This we had to cross twice a day, and there were no gates in those days. An engine was slipping along and, just in time, I pulled him back. He was reading, with the paper up close to his face, and I had been engrossed in looking over his shoulder at the paper and so we were neither of us conscious of the approach of the engine and the driver did not appear to have been looking. Our hair almost stood up on our heads at the narrow escape."

CHAPTER III

THE MAN IN THE MAKING

IT had been the constant prayer of Dr. Mansell, from the beginning, that his son might become a missionary. To the devoted missionary, who had himself spent a quarter of a century in mission work, there was no higher calling to which his brilliant son might consecrate his talents. As a child, he began to show indications of his desire to be a missionary but, in his tenth year, a few months after his conversion, he writes definitely of his purpose to go to India and preach the Gospel to her people. A little later he asked his father to tell him just what he needed to do in order to be a missionary, "so I can get ready to do all I want to accomplish." He read eagerly all the missionary literature he could lay hands on. Often he complained that he did not get the *Indian Witness* regularly. Then, when a roll of them did come, he was delighted. In his tenth year he wrote, "I got a copy of the *Missionary Advocate*, but I do not know who sent it. I read it all through and it had good reading in it."

The missionary call was always before him

Every move was made with that end in view. Soon after graduating from the Newark High School, he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware.

Here he spent four interesting, purposeful and character-building years, where the stuff of which men are made discovers itself. Here in the class room, in the literary society and in social relations he came into close touch with some seventy other men and women who had come up, with varying purposes and motives, to take a college degree, from every walk in life and having had almost every variety of experience.

Rev. N. L. Rockey, D. D., his classmate, thus tells the story of Mansell's College life.

"In the University were men of every type as professors; all of them were positively religious, and were there at a great sacrifice because of their love for the University and because of the opportunity it afforded them of doing good. There was the severe type; the scholarly but lovable; the adored and saintly; the painfully and disconcertingly exact; the jolly type; and the easy, unconventional type. These and other types that conduced to the development of genuine manhood and womanhood were there. Other Universities may have had men more learned and of greater skill in the art of teaching, but

better men do not grow on any soil. They served their generation well and every branch of learning and industry from the cottage to the Senate hall is better because of them.

“Will had turned sixteen when he went to Delaware. He was, with his sister Hettie, the cynosure of all eyes in the class that assembled for its first recitation before those frightfully learned professors. For, had he not come from great, unknown India? Had he not lived in the lofty Himalayas, crossed two oceans and set foot on three continents? What wonders those eyes must have seen, of jungles and their denizens, of the mighty deep and its terrors; of—well, of lots of things that only imagination can picture! He had certainly seen

‘Heathen in their blindness

Bow down to wood and stone;’

and that in itself, in that day, was enough to stamp him as wonderful in our eyes. So far as we knew, no such phenomenon had ever appeared in Delaware before and might never again.

“Will and Hettie Mansell were probably the very first of a worthy class of young people who have since attended that institution, known as ‘the children of Methodist Missionaries.’ They took their places among us ordinary individuals with becoming simplicity. They did not even

seem to know that they were regarded with wonder. They were just natural and I do not recall any occasion when they talked on their experiences. So we soon forgot that they were phenomena and took them as they were.

“At first Will was too young to be fully serious in his class work. But the “boy” soon began to give place to the “man” and his progress was commendable in every class subject. I will not say that he could not have done better, but he pleased the professors and they believed in him. In those days, the Western colleges were somewhat crude as compared with the present. As it was not difficult for one to shirk his way through college, it is plain, that those that made good did so, because it was in them to do so. Mansell made good from the first; so that his diploma stood for honest endeavour and real scholarship.

“But the professor’s recitation room is far from the most important of the factors of the American College. It is only one of them. The literary and debating society, the Students’ Christian Association, the boarding-club table, the oratorical contests and the constant association with the flower and chivalry of the state generally bring out all that there is to a young man. It was here that Mansell was particularly at home. He was

always to be depended upon, always kind, always clean and always popular because of his ever effervescent good humor and his fair fighting. In these several associations, he met the best men of all the classes; formed lasting friendships; sharpened his wits; discussed the problems of college, public and spiritual life; was persuasive in influencing souls and grew into that princely good-fellowship that made him so prized in every post-college association.

"In every place where young people congregate in daily intimacy, there will be pranks played. But there are pranks that are harmless and kind and there is the other variety. We had both at Delaware. Mansell was in many of them but they were of the kind that never violated courtesy and good-fellowship. No one ever knew Will to do a mean thing; and, if any such diversions were under way among the students, Mansell was not invited to participate in them. There is character for you, when your companions know better than to propose an unworthy act to you!

"Washington's birthday was the most prominent day of the college year for bubbling over student-spirit. From midnight to midnight every thing was 'touch and go.' The powder for every kind of college prank was present and it needed only the spark to set it off, sometimes

to mischief and oftentimes to thoughtless harm. The college faculty were always as glad to have that day pass in safety, as is the English Government to pass through Orange Day in Ulster without any untoward event. Numerous had been the 'parades,' the disgraceful deeds, the dangerous class-rushes and similar excitements of that day and the town element were always ready 'to see fun,' if the students gave them the least opportunity.

"It was noon of Washington's Birthday 1884, our 'Senior' year, when at the boarding clubs word passed round that some 'Juniors' had waylaid two of our class taken from them a small bag of oranges and then considerately tossed them, (not the oranges,) over a fence into a citizen's back yard. This was a challenge for combat. A hasty call was sent forth for a meeting of the class to be held in Fairbanks' room. We collected warily, for they waylaid us and tossed two more of our isolated, unwary ones over the fence. Exciting speeches were made, plans for retaliation were proposed that would have been full of danger, and class-spirit ran high. Fortunately some of us kept our heads; somebody proposed a ridiculous move that at first was 'pooh-poohed,' but, under Mansell's eloquence who saw immediately the

possibilities of fun in it, it caught fire and we solemnly marched forth to put it into effect. With jaws set and with firm tread, we marched in silence first to the post-office, then to a 'peanut' vender, got a bag of nuts each, assumed our places in the line and took our way toward the college grounds. The crowds about us grew larger and larger, the reporters of the ambitious little local daily sharpened their pencils and joined the crowd, while we swung into the campus gate, marched silently down to the 'Old Sulphur Spring,' each, stooping over the huge flowing bowl drank a big draught, reformed in line, marched to the chapel steps, sat down in rows and—ate our pea-nuts. They deputed Mansell and me to climb into the belfry and toll the bell which we did with a will; and, much to the disgust of the waiting crowds, the affair was over. No one was hurt and none of us, friend or foe had anything to regret.

“Just one more reference, to show how Will qualified to be the man that we knew. The *Transcript* was our college paper, run by and in the interests of the Senior Class. Position on its staff was considered a high honor. The editors were elected by vote of the class in February of their junior year. As we neared the momentous day of 'Transcript Elections,'

the old question of 'Greek and Barb' began to loom up with the promise of giving trouble, fraternity men against 'Non-frat' men. Mansell and I were 'Non-frats.' Somebody started the rumour that certain 'frat' men were planning to 'scoop all the Transcript plums,' leaving us 'Barbs' with only one representative out of nine, although we were in the majority and had able men among us. That rumour made my blood boil and set me on the war path. Some of us 'Barbs' began to counter-scheme and hold secret meetings, but I noticed that Mansell was never present. We wanted to nominate him for local editor and I was asked to see him. I buttonholled him the next day. As soon as I began to speak, he interrupted me and said, 'Noble, count me out of this please; I can't consent to have anything to do with this business. I do not think that scheming will pay in the long run.' I had sense enough to say no more and reported to my fellows, 'We must count Mansell out of this.' And we did. I have reason to think that the other side also attempted to bribe him with a promise of their favour, if he, through his sister, would help turn the ladies' votes their way. But they too had to count him out of their schemes. However, when the voting day came Mansell was elected, by an almost unani-

mous vote, as Local Editor and sprightly pages he made of his allotted space. I feel vexed with myself yet for my part in that affair. We were meaner than they.

"I had the privilege of sending him out to preach his first sermon. Three days after his being licensed, the pastor of Lewis Centre came to College Chapel seeking me to help him out in an emergency, as I had frequently done before, I being the head of the local preacher's committee. It so happened that I could not possibly go and as I was looking around Mansell happened to be coming out of chapel right behind us. I called him, explained the situations, he accepted. A half hour later he was on the train and two hours later his maiden effort as a preacher was under way. They say that it was a worthy one. Several times again I had occasion to ask for his help and it was always given with same cheery smile that all who knew him in India came to love so much during these twenty-three years in the land of his birth and his choice. W. A. Mansell was always an inspiration and his work is not over."

Only once had he been tempted to turn aside from the missionary call that had come to him as a lad of ten.

At one time his love for the study of philoso-



SECOND GENERATION MISSIONARIES OF NORTH INDIA (1907)

phy brought a temptation in the temporary ambition to be a professor of philosophy. But that was put aside, probably at the time that he made his complete surrender of himself to God in the "Old Williams Street Church" in Delaware, a consecration from which he always dated his deeper Christian life, a consecration which he never withdrew.

At the time of his graduation in 1884, there came a call for missionaries for India and it was a time of great need. His impulse was to forego his theological course and rush to help fill the breach but wiser counsel prevailed and he saw that he could work more efficiently with more perfect preparation. This necessitated his teaching two years, to give him the means to enter a Theological Seminary.

He heard that the position of Principal in the school at Worthington, near Columbus, which had been filled by C. E. Jefferson, now one of the leading ministers in New York City, was vacant and he applied in person.

He had excellent testimonials from the leading professors in Ohio Wesleyan University, but was told by the Chairman of the school board that he must have a State certificate. Greatly disappointed, but undaunted, he left the office to go to the capital city, Columbus, to seek the

certificate required. The official who could grant this listened to the request and then there followed a most unique examination. "What makes a nail stay in a board when driven in?" Answer, "Friction." "Write a promissory note." It was written. "Make it negotiable." That was done. Thus followed two or three other questions, as widely varying in their nature as the foregoing, but these were answered as promptly and correctly. Turning to the applicant the man said, as he granted the certificate, "You must know, Mr. Mansell, that this is not a regular and proper examination, but I can often tell, in such a questioning as I have given you, far more satisfactorily than by the usual means, the real preparation, and fitness of a candidate, for the work of teaching.

Armed with his State certificate, Mr. Mansell returned to Worthington and was at once given the position he sought, but it was not till some time later that he learned that it was his walk, as he left the office the first time in his disappointment, which really won him the place.

The two years of teaching which followed were priceless to him, in the development of his talent for teaching.

He joined in all the social life of the young people, as one of themselves, except where their amusements conflicted with his principles which

heartily endorsed the rules of the Methodist Church which he ardently loved. In school and out, he exerted a potent influence on the lives of all the young people, many of whom became lifelong friends.

When, on his first furlough about fifteen years after he left Worthington, he revisited the town, an informal reception called together people from all the neighbourhood to greet again the one whose short service of two years had left an indelible impression. After his translation, a former pupil, who had corresponded with him faithfully during all the intervening years, wrote. "It is now twentyeight years since I was in his class, a boy of fifteen years, yet my love is as strong for him as it was when in daily contact." He also said, he looked up to Mr. Mansell as a "standard of noble manhood," adding, "There are many people who are good and do noble things who, in the home life, are not lovable as human beings, but he was always so cheery, and humanly sympathetic."

In the fall of 1886 he entered the Boston University school of Theology where, from the very beginning, he was looked upon as one of the leaders of the class. His influence steadily grew and his keen insight and good common sense illuminated many a doubtful situation in class

politics. When class interests were divided, each side was eager to secure his influence. On such occasions, the question was often on the lips of the men, "What does Mansell think?" In all things pertaining to Missions, he was the recognized head.

His room mate during the whole of the three years, Rev. J. L. Hillman, D.D., writes, "I think you will agree with me that he was possibly the most popular man, whether with student or faculty, in the Seminary in our day. Nearly every fellow who was in trouble came to Mansell. How we all loaded him! I have known him to be greatly in need of money and I learned from him how to lay one's financial needs before the Heavenly Father. His cheerful faith and child-like trust were a constant inspiration to me. How well I remember his prayers when we knelt together in our room."

Mansell was not what is known in the student world as a "grind" but, endowed with an alert, discriminating mind, a remarkable memory and a splendid diction, few indeed were the men who appeared to a better advantage in the class room or in the examination. He enjoyed all his work; but regarded, as a rare privilege, the study of Comparative Religions under President W. F. Warren and the study of Psychology under

Borden P. Bowne. Among the students, he was popularly known as "Will" or "Billy" or, because of his Indian birth, as "the great Buddha."

Few members of the class will ever forget a brilliant and highly imaginative paper, read by Mansell in Church History, on worship in the early Church. The paper purported to be a letter from a traveller in Rome, in the time of Paul, to a friend in Athens. He told how he had become interested in a new sect called Christians, the followers of one Jesus of Nazareth, a Jew who had been crucified, but who was reported, on incontrovertible evidence, to have risen the third day, as he had many times declared that he would, and how he had, after much trouble, succeeded by the help of a friend in getting admitted into one of their services. In graphic language he pictured the underground chamber where on account of the fierce persecutions they were compelled to hold their midnight services, the elaborate precautions they had to take against spies, their password "ichthus," meaning fish and composed of the first letters of the various titles of this Jesus. He described the strange congregation that came together, composed of all classes, from the high born noble to the slave, the common love that left no place for class distinctions and the solemnity

of the service, which closed with the sacrament. Then, at the close, a stranger was presented who had come from one Paul, bearing an important letter. The writer went on to tell how they listened reverently and with the closest attention to all that this Paul had to say and, after a solemn dismissal, each, after affectionately greeting the other, went to his home.

Then followed the supposed writer's comments on the impressive service and in closing he confessed that nothing had ever so strangely moved him and that he had gone out, himself, a follower of this wonderful Christ. The paper was a vivid picture of what might have taken place in any one of a thousand such assemblies and it showed remarkable originality. But we always expected from Mansell some thing out of the ordinary and were never disappointed.

At the close of the three years in Boston, he was chosen by the faculty, to share with his intimate friend C. R. Brown, now a leading preacher in the Congregational Church and Dean of Yale Divinity School, the honors of representing the class on Commencement day and there were no dissenting voices to the choice.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST YEARS IN INDIA

THE coming of Will Mansell to India was looked forward to by both missionaries and Indian Christians with peculiar interest. The reason was not far to seek. To most of the older missionaries and Indian Christians he was known from a child, while he and Hettie were the first, of the second generation in the Methodist Mission, to come back to the land of their birth and to engage in the work to which their parents had given their lives. Moreover his unusual ability, enthusiasm and fitness for the work were well known. Great things were expected of one so well equipped in every way and so admirably adapted to the work he was to do.

The need for men on the field was so great that Mansell had thought seriously of giving up his three years in the Seminary, on which he had set his heart, and of offering his services at once, on the completion of his College course. But wiser counsels prevailed and, as the three years in the Boston University School of Theology drew to a close, he began to seriously consider the matter of his future work. Under the

date of April 6th, 1889, he wrote in his diary, "Went to Thurston to see Dr. J. O. Peck. Had a most satisfactory interview with him. Will wait patiently till a call to India comes." Under the date of April 15th, Dr. Peck writing to Mansell quotes from a letter from Bishop Thoburn, "Messrs. Mansell, Core and——, now graduating from the Boston University School of Theology, are pledged to India and should be secured now, but we may not wish them to be sent out till a few months after graduation." Apparently there were no further instructions and, as graduating day drew near and nothing was yet definitely settled, Mansell, uncertain whether he should go on in his present appointment or resign it, in anticipation of a speedy call to the mission field, wrote to Bishop Thoburn for instructions. To this the Bishop replied, "I am writing to Dr. Peck to send you and Core as soon as he can conveniently do so." He adds, "You should be ready to sail by September or October." Farther on in the letter, the Bishop says, "I mean to have you out 'by hook or by crook' and you must make on other plans." After a little more correspondence, the date of sailing was fixed and Mansell preached his farewell sermon to his congregation in the Nahant Church on September 22nd, 1889, and made his final preparations for the journey.

He spent the last few days before sailing with the writer at his home and there are now men and women, scattered in different parts of the country, who saw and heard him there, when they were little children, and yet recall his face and his message and eagerly ask, after a quarter of a century, about Mr. Mansell.

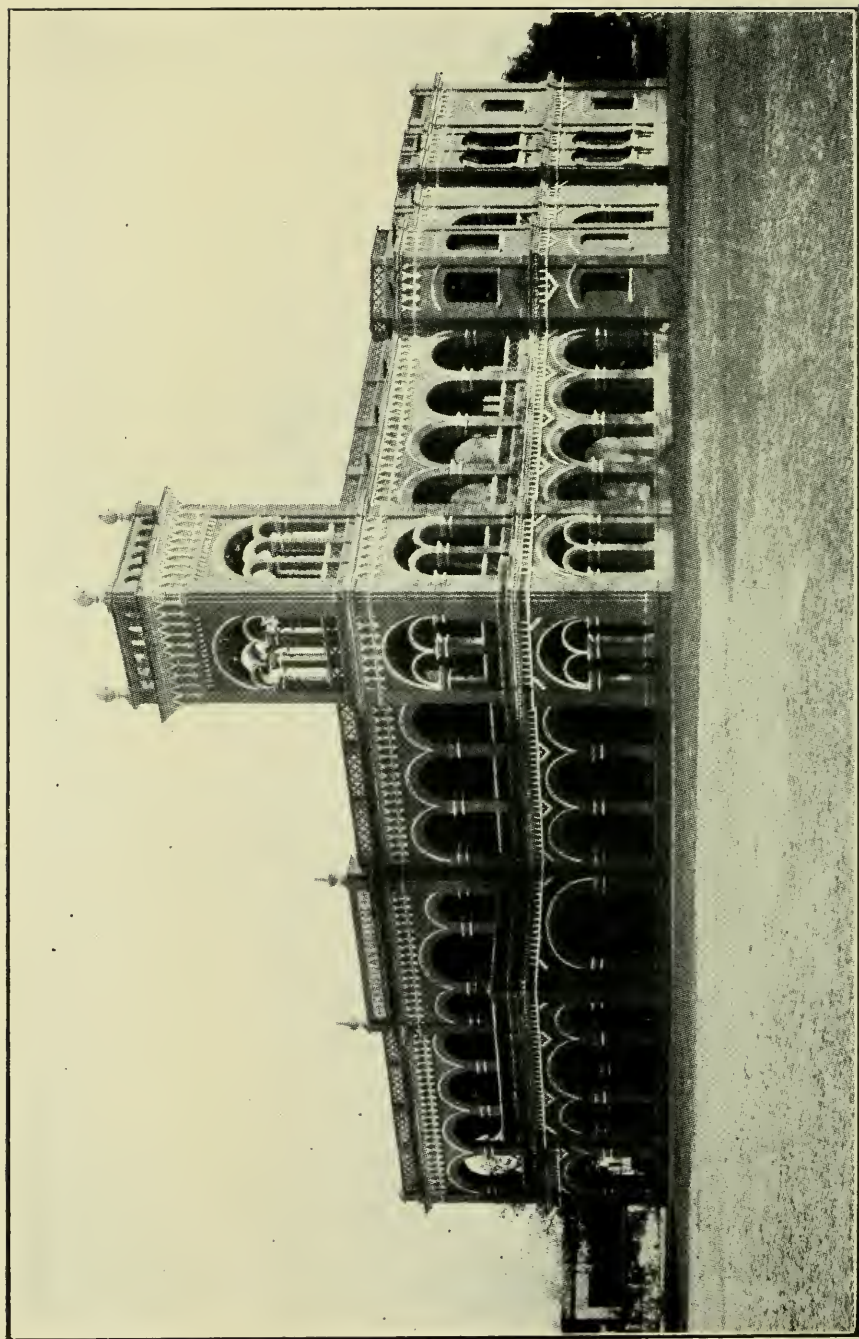
On the morning of October 12th, 1889, Mansell, in company with the writer, embarked from New York for India. An incident happened at sailing time to which he often referred with much amusement. The heavy luggage had been left at the Mission Rooms to be taken to the ship early in the morning of sailing day. Two large parcels of laundry, however, coming in too late to be put into the trunks, had to be carried in our hands to the steamer. They were wrapped up in the inevitable flimsy paper and tied with the thin string characteristic of the Chinese laundries of the day. We reached the steamer in good time, carrying these parcels under our arms, and began to look for our luggage, but to our dismay it could nowhere be found. A hasty inspection of the dock, the deck of the steamer and of our cabin revealed nothing and the situation became interesting and somewhat exciting. Had the Agent at the Mission Rooms forgotten? Had he misunderstood the time of sailing? A score

of such disconcerting questions filled our minds. Rev. W. F. Anderson, now a Bishop, a classmate of Mansell and a friend of both of us, was there to see us off. In the excitement of the moment and in our desperate efforts to locate the missing luggage, we hurried from place to place, now on the steamer and now on the dock and the parcels under our arms began to leak collars and cuffs and shirts. Mr. Anderson followed closely, picking up and restoring to the owners their respective articles, saying "Here Mansell this is your collar; Core these cuffs are yours." The gang plank was being hauled up when the dray, furiously driven, with the luggage made its appearance, but with not a single moment to spare.

On November 19th he landed in Bombay and, after two or three days, started for Cawnpur to spend a few days with his father before joining his appointment in the Christian College under the Rev. B. H. Badley, D.D.

Within a few years after the founding of the Mission, the far-seeing leaders realized the importance of founding one central institution that should as rapidly as possible develop into a well equipped College. They saw that one of the mightiest agents of evangelization "in the long run" is well manned and well equipped schools. "Foregoing the hope of immediate returns, the





REID CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, LUCKNOW

missionaries sought to multiply their powers a hundred fold in the lives of pupils to whom they had given the best, highest, most scientific and thorough training possible." Lucknow was chosen as the home of this institution, a board of trustees appointed and efforts were begun to secure an endowment. More than twenty years passed before a man could be found who had the practical vision of the usefulness of such an institution in our rapidly expanding work and who was willing to back up this conviction with a substantial contribution which should make a beginning possible. The young men who pass through our College halls have great reason to hold in gratitude the name of Rev. J. M. Reed, D.D., the donor. He invested the modest sum of \$ 15,000. and the corner stone was laid, though the building was not ready for use till two years later. But meanwhile the College had really been opened and, though handicapped for room, was doing work. There was yet, however, no College building. "The site selected for the College is an extension of one of the hills overlooking the Goomti River. On one side is the old city of Lucknow, once the brilliant capital of the Islamic kings of Oudh ; while on the other, closely adjoining the Mission premises, is the world renowned ' Residency ' wherein the

Sepoy rebellion, in 1857, a force of 2,994 English and Indians, including 547 women and children, were closely invested and for eighty-six days, during the terrible mid-summer heat of July, August and September, endured one of the most memorable and deadly sieges recorded in history. There remained on the 25th of September, when relief came, only 700 of the 2,994."

Dr. Badley had been appointed Principal of the High School in 1885 and went to work with characteristic practical wisdom and enthusiasm to realize in solid masonry the vision of a College building, which, twenty years before, the far-sighted leaders had seen. The task was an arduous one and the difficulties appalling, but Dr. Badley was the man to make the vision real. He had untiring industry and perseverance, great executive ability and an inexhaustible fund of patience and, having put his hand to the plow, he never faltered or looked back. Before his death in 1891, he had the great joy of seeing the building well on the way, and the project, so near to his heart and for which he had spent the last decade of his life, an assured fact.

Up to 1889, Dr. Badley had been the only missionary on the staff but now a new force was about to enter the institution, one whose life and work were to mould the character and give shape

to the policy of the infant institution in the years to come. In his report in 1890, Dr. Badley wrote, "In December last we were happy to welcome to our teaching staff Rev. W. A. Mansell, M. A., S. T. B., an experienced teacher. Mr. Mansell is a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University and is supported by the students of the University (This continued seven years), a practical expression of their interest in the work among the young men of India." Thus, within a few days after he landed on the shores of the land which gave him birth, he was busy in his work in the College. For two years he worked as Vice-Principal, but, owing to the increasing weakness of Dr. Badley, much of the time he was doing the work of the Principal. It was indeed providential that the infant institution should have had on its staff a man of such fervent spirit, of such scholarly tastes and habits and of such practical common sense and business sagacity, ready to take up the burden laid down by its worthy founder and first Principal. Had the whole field of the church been before the trustees for selection, the choice could not have been more happy and fortunate.

The building had been completed and opened for work, but, for some reason, only \$ 5,000. of the promised \$15,000. had been given and there

seemed to be no hope of getting any more. Here was a situation for the future stronghold of Methodism in India and for its young inexperienced Principal. However, before the end of 1892, the donor saw his way to completing the gift and wrote to Mansell as follows, "I am glad indeed that at last the promised sum has settled down to Lucknow College, it would have been a great grief to me had it gone elsewhere, either by my premature decease or by my inability to satisfy my requirements." The joy of the Principal knew no bounds and his reply to this letter deeply moved the donor and elicited the following reply, "Such words of love and gratitude from you have repaid me many times for carrying out the plan concocted between myself and the sainted Dr. Badley."

Although the College building was now complete, that did not mean that all troubles were over and that henceforth all would be clear skies and smooth seas. A College staff is expensive to maintain and must be kept up whether fees are being realized or not. The newly fledged College with a slender and often depleted purse, with as yet no educational reputation, had to compete with an old and popular, and a well supported College. Confidence is not to be won in a day, yet, while winning the confidence of

the student world, the staff must be maintained. The new institution must show its ability to get its students through the University examinations; moreover this must be done with, for the most part, inferior material, for the men of ability, and means would naturally go to the institutions of well established reputations, leaving to the new College mostly rejected material, thus imposing the double duty of turning out first class results from second class material. These and similar things were some of the difficulties that confronted the new Principal.

The College duties however formed only a part of the burdens that the Principal had to bear. The only other missionary member of the staff was a new man just out and therefore not able to take up much of the load. Mansell was pastor, most of the year, of the English Church and preacher in charge of the large Hindustani Circuit. He must either himself preach in English twice a week or find a substitute which, owing to the scarcity of missionaries in the station, was a difficult thing to do. He was moreover editor of *India's Young Folks* at this time. His diary for the year shows that he preached in English thirty-two times in addition to preaching occasionally in Hindustani. He was never known to refuse burdens, even though almost crushed to

the earth by them. He neither sought nor refused responsibility. His first year as Principal of the College was a sample of the heavy loads he cheerfully carried all through his ministry. The year before he was due to go on his second furlough, with the responsibility of the Theological Seminary on his shoulders, and his anxieties greatly augmented by the illness of Mrs. Mansell who should have gone home on account of her health, he was asked to add to his burdens the work of a District which had fallen vacant. The cabinet had again and again canvassed the ground and there seemed to be no other possible way of supplying it. Not a missionary could be found who was not already loaded down with more work than he had time and strength to do. At last, realizing the desperate situation, the Bishop gave a reluctant consent to the plan, but added, "If you want to kill Mansell, then give him the Bijnor District in addition to the crushing loads he is already carrying."

A letter, written two years or so after he became Principal of the College, will help to make clear how many and varied were the duties imposed on the head of the institution in those days of burdens and struggles. He wrote, "Let me tell you the things that press upon me



DR. E. W. PARKER AND THE LEADING PREACHERS OF THE OUDH
DISTRICT

(From this group, have come a Missionary Bishop and five District Superintendents)

now for attention. . . . (1) A boy has run away ; he must be found and the reason for his running away inquired into. (2) Several little cases of insubordination among the boys in the boarding house must be investigated. (3) The tenant of one of our bungalows refuses to pay rent and demands excessive repairs. (4) The man who owns land next to our College bungalows threatens to prosecute us for taking up land unlawfully. (5) My accounts are away back and must be brought up for the auditor. (6) The Kaukab article has to be written before breakfast. (7) Scripture examination questions must be made out for the Press, for the time of the examination is rapidly approaching."

One of the achievements in the early days of his administration deserves special mention, though a large share of the credit belongs to Dr. Parker, the District Superintendent. Dr. Parker came to the District the same year that Mansell became Principal. With his usual vigor and love of progress Dr. Parker began to look over the field to see where things might be improved or new measures adopted and, in the sweep of his vision, his eye rested on the College and, after talking it over in all its details with Mansell, they decided to inaugurate a new thing in India in the shape of a Business Department in the College.

Concerning this venture, Mansell says, "It has long been our desire to make our College as widely useful as possible for our young men preparing themselves for responsible and lucrative positions in all departments. To this end we have taken the field first among mission colleges to teach stenography, type-writing and general business writing and keeping of accounts. It is too soon to measure the success of the enterprise, but we have seen enough of the progress of the students already enrolled in the department to know that they are not behind the youth of America in their aptitude for these studies. We believe that in a few years we shall be able to supply the demand for trained Christian accountants. Our Christians are rapidly taking high and responsible places in Government and public service and it is important that we should fill these places with men in the highest degree loyal to Christ and the Church. So we make use of every means of increasing the avenues of employment for our young men and mean to make all count for the glory of God and for the speedy coming of His Kingdom."

This Department was a success from the start and drew a large number of Hindus and Mohame-dans as well as Christians, all of whom were quick to perceive that this offered a quick and short

road to desirable positions. Commercial education, in which the Reid Christian College at Lucknow was the pioneer, spread rapidly all over India, so that now there are few important Mission institutions that have not such a department and indeed most Government high schools as well as aided schools have their department of commercial education.

But, while the commercial department made rapid progress, the advance of the College was slow, some times discouragingly slow. The few high schools could furnish only a very limited number of Christian students. The outlook was so dark that the proposition to close the B. A. classes was seriously considered. Mansell always hopeful refused to look on the dark side, but some times the odds were so great against him that even his optimistic nature was sorely taxed. At the time of the opening in July, 1896, writing to his wife, he said, "The opening of the College is awfully discouraging. No new students, except charity students. Our passed men are leaving us and going over to Colleges where they have three times the expense. Just as I write these words, the only man, who thus far is likely to be a paying student, hands me a petition asking to be admitted free." To add to the difficulties of the situation, the emergencies of

the work in other parts of the field were such that the Bishop felt compelled to transfer the only two other missionaries on the staff to other departments of work, leaving the whole burden of the Arts Department on the shoulders of the Principal and his inadequate Indian staff, together with whatever assistance J. N. West, the head of the Business department, could render. These were dark days; but good foundations were being laid for the success that has in later years come to our College.

Mr. Mansell's marriage to Miss Florence M. Perrine took place March 17, 1894. She, like himself, had been born in a parsonage. Her father, the Rev. W. H. Perrine, D. D., was a member of the Michigan Conference, having been for some years a Professor of History and Belles Lettres in Albion College. He was a member of and took an active part in the proceedings of three General Conferences. Miss Perrine was a graduate of Albion College; came to India as a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in 1888 and, at the time of her marriage, had completed five years of work in the Woman's College, in Lucknow, now the Isabella Thoburn College. These two young people were peculiarly suited to each other and few marriages have taken place in mission circles that have given such

universal satisfaction. Dr. Parker, as he descended from the pulpit of the Hindustani Church after marrying them, remarked, "I do love to marry good people to each other." Through all the nineteen years that they were permitted to serve the Master together, she has been a most devoted wife to a worthy husband and the passing years have brought to them ever increasing happiness and blessedness in the united service of their Master.

CHAPTER V

ON THE OUDH DISTRICT

IN 1897, when Dr. Parker was transferred from the Oudh District, the eyes of the appointing power were naturally turned toward the man whose aggressive spirit and evangelistic zeal were well known, and who for four years, with tact and wisdom and with unfaltering faith, had successfully piloted the affairs of the struggling college through the stormy days of its early career. So Mansell, though a young man, was chosen to take charge of the district. He had, on two previous occasions, when Dr. Parker was at the General Conferences of 1892 and 1896, officiated for him for the larger part of the year. He was keenly conscious of his youth and inexperience and of the difficulties in following a man of such masterful character and wide experience, but it was the rule of his life to accept his appointments as the will of the Lord, expressed through the godly men who composed the cabinet.

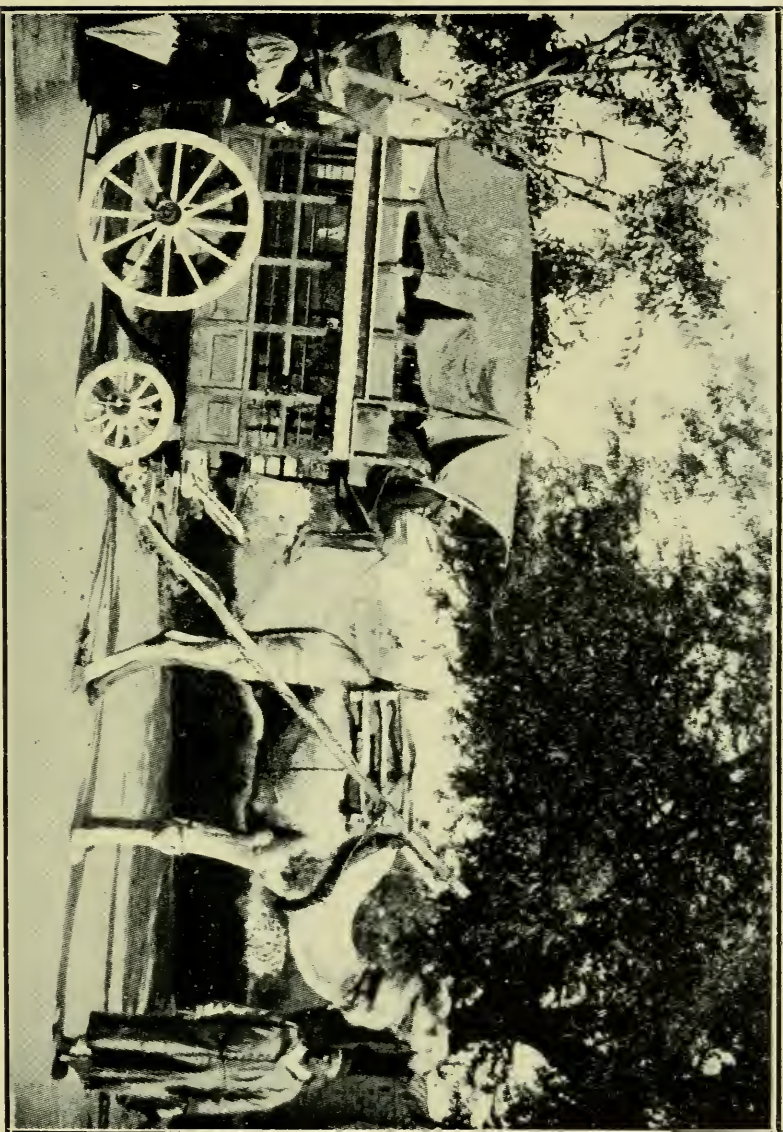
The district at this time included six civil districts with a population of more than five millions; Lucknow, the chief city, is the home

of some of the most important institutions of northern India. Here are the two Colleges, two High Schools, a flourishing Press and a large self-supporting Hindustani Church and an English Church. While the work in the city was far in advance of that in most other fields, yet the work in the district was in a less hopeful condition than that in almost any of the other fields in North India. Other fields had yielded fruit more or less abundantly, but Oudh had remained for the most part sterile and unfruitful. It is true that there were small Christian communities scattered over the vast territory, but they were small in proportion to the population and were largely from a class whose home was here to-day, but no one could say where to find them to-morrow. Having no fixed place of abode, they could not be counted on and were the despair of the preacher who was trying to keep his Church register posted up-to-date. There were a few here and there, it is true, from the better class, but they were sadly in the minority. Centuries of Muhammadan rule largely accounts for the spiritual apathy and hardness that exists on this field. Where Muhammaddanism has flourished, a spiritual religion finds a barren and uncongenial soil.

The young Superintendent and his wife entered on their work with all the zeal and energy

of consecrated youth and with unfaltering faith in the power of the conquering Christ to win victories even in the hard field of Oudh. No sooner was Conference over than, having mastered the details of the work, they began planning a long itinerary over the District including some of the remoter points and the more isolated, little communities of Christians. Most of the circuit centres could be reached by rail but, to get to the remoter points, they had to travel by pony cart or more often by the tiresome, plodding, springless ox cart.

The year 1897 will long be remembered because of the terrible famine that prevailed in central and northern India. Meteorological conditions in India are like a piece of fine, delicate machinery, so nicely adjusted and so evenly balanced that they are easily thrown out of gear, which means a failure of the rains and that in turn spells famine. Some slight change in the course of a trade wind, away off near the coast of South America or of South Africa, may, from some unknown cause, occur, and the result is a famine in India; so exceedingly sensitive is the rainy season too, and so dependent is India on these far away conditions. Or perhaps the snowfall in the Himalayas may have been in excess or in defect with the resulting meteorological conditions.



A PRIMITIVE MODE OF TRAVEL IN NORTH INDIA

logical changes and a failure of the "rains" follows. At any rate some thing the preceding year had happened somewhere, the "rains" had failed and the terrible famine followed. Oudh was among the parts hardest hit.

In their first trip over the District, they came into contact with famine conditions. In the Hardoi civil District, thirty persons had tried in a single month to end their misery by suicide on the railway track. Little if any thing of the needs of the people could be seen by the casual observer on the streets of Lucknow, but, out in the mud huts of the villagers, want and destitution were every where apparent. In one of the very first services they held, such was the hunger and weakness and utter destitution of the village Christians who were gathered together, that the missionaries were appalled and could not rest till the cravings of the emaciated sufferers were satisfied and arrangements made for their help in the future.

Mansell writes of the work during this year of famine:—

"We have this year struggled against unusual difficulties. The famine has been very severe in nearly all of our stations, four of them, Hardoi, Shahabad, Una and Rae Bareli, being counted in the Government list as among the worst parts

in the famine region. We made a tour last winter through the most affected stations. It was pitiful to see miles upon miles of naturally fertile land lying barren and desolate for lack of rain, or because the farmers had no money for cultivation, or for artificial irrigation. The distress was most acute. Our own Christians were in many places the greatest sufferers. More than half of our people were scattered over the country, seeking admission to the poor houses, or following the Government relief works, when they could be admitted, or else wandering in search of chance employment in cases where they were not prevented by non-Christian overseers from joining the works on account of their religion.

Many of our destitute Christians found some relief in poor houses and elsewhere, but in some places this aid was denied them. In one station we found a number of Christians on the verge of starvation. Three or four had died and others were almost dead. Although at the time no funds had come from home, we opened a relief home for them on our own responsibility. The following week money came to our hand for such purposes and subsequently a number of them were enrolled by the English official of that district to receive aid while they were in need.

In Lucknow, before the arrival of the contri-

butions from the Church at home, the Christian Herald fund and other sources, a generous sum was subscribed by our Church and famine relief operations began. The Lucknow plan has been to give relief according to the necessities of the applicants, by the supplying of food at better rates than could be obtained in the markets. A large quantity of grain of various kinds was purchased; a scale was drawn up according to which the very poor were supplied grain at liberal rates, while those who had more means were required to pay gradually more, until the point was reached where it was deemed unnecessary to render aid. The utterly destitute were furnished with simple labor and paid sufficient to support life. In this way the Church at Lucknow has expended 1,100 maunds (88,000 lbs.) of grain, and 3,000 rupees in cash. Labor amounting to 30,000 days' work has been supplied the destitute.

Famine relief operations have also been carried on in all our stations. Many destitute have been employed in light labor, such as cotton spinning, rope making, flax beating, etc. Gratuitous aid has been given where absolutely needed. Clothing has been supplied; advances made for seed grains, plowing and irrigation; wells have been dug, and in other ways money expended when it

could relieve the helpless, or furnish the means of obtaining a livelihood to those who were in veritable need. Upwards of two hundred destitute and orphan children have been collected and placed in orphanages and schools. These have been, as far as practicable, sent to existing orphanages, as it is not the policy of the mission to establish new ones when it can be avoided. But there still remains a number of destitute children to be provided for in this district, where they will be maintained, for a time at least, or until provision can be made for them. About fifty such boys are collected at Lucknow and the same number of girls at Hardoi. These children are being taught some industrial employments as well as the rudiments of an education, while those, who show special aptitude for learning, will have an opportunity to continue their education beyond the limits of the present schools. The boys at Lucknow, as well as a company of women and boys at Unao, have learned to do very creditable cloth and carpet weaving besides making light cane chairs and camp stools, and learning something of gardening as well."

The second year of his work had hardly begun when the veteran missionary Dr. Wilson, in charge of the Sitapur District, in the midst of the strenuous labours of the Sabbath, was

suddenly called home. There being no other missionary who could be spared to take up the work thus unexpectedly fallen vacant, Mansell was instructed to go to Sitapur and take over charge of the work in the station and district. This nearly doubled the district and more than doubled the work for the missionary, first, because Sitapur is sixty miles from Lucknow, where Mansell resided, and connected by a narrow gauge railway, running slow trains and mostly at the small hours of the night, and second, because, for the most of the year, the Sitapur missionary was official chaplain to the non-conforming troops. At this time, the famous Black Watch regiment was stationed at Sitapur, and was for the most part non-conformist. This made necessary two services each Sunday, the parade service in the early morning to which often half the regiment or more would march under arms and again another service at night to which the soldiers came voluntarily. Some civilians also attended. The little chapel at these times was always well filled. Their own chaplain always preached to the men in the gown of the Church of Scotland, but Mansell preferred not to wear it. However, it must have been a novel experience to the son of a Methodist missionary to give out Psalms Sunday by Sunday to be

sung instead of hymns. He especially enjoyed his work among the troops and often referred to it in after years as one of the pleasant experiences of his life. The pleasure was not altogether on his side, as was apparent from the large number of men who regularly attended the evening services and from the fact that some of the officers and members of the Church of England, used to attend the parade services frequently, when not on duty, because they enjoyed the preaching of the missionary in whom they had found a man with a living message from a living Christ.

The three years on the Oudh District were busy fruitful years. Mansell was anxious to reach the little, isolated, village communities and to help the poor, ignorant, village Christian. Much travel was necessary to do this. Most of this had to be done in the ox-cart over roads that could only be called roads by the utmost stretch of courtesy. Much time was consumed in this village to village visitation. The writer, on this same district many years later, travelled thirty-five miles one day and was able to visit, in the day's journey, only five Christian families. But these people, though weak and ignorant and with the feeblest sort of a grasp of truth, are nevertheless His sheep and, as a faithful shepherd, it



A VILLAGE SCENE IN NORTH INDIA, TYPICAL OF HALF A
MILLION OTHERS

is a joy to go to them with the living bread. Somehow one, as he goes from village to village doing the work of a shepherd, feels that in no other way is he following quite so closely in the footsteps of the Chief Shepherd for this was the work that He loved to do.

In addition to this, all the large festivals and fairs were attended with bands of workers and the Word was faithfully preached to those who had gathered to worship their gods of wood and stone; tracts were distributed and Gospel portions sold or distributed. Mansell was a believer in the vast possibilities of work among the thousands that gather at these sacred places and never willingly lost an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the people at such times. Writing of the work he says, "There is a spirit of enquiry in the villages and towns, which is very encouraging. It often happens that farmers and merchants from distant places come into our Sunday School and Church services and ask for tracts and papers. When questioned as to where they first heard about our religion, they reply that in a certain fair or market place they heard the message of salvation and want to hear more about it. We are sure that this spirit of earnest enquiry is a token of good results to follow."

During these three years in Oudh, Mansell

had the pleasure of seeing several chapels and some Circuit centres built and consecrated to the service of God. Among these was a chapel and house for the preacher-in-charge at Shahabad, where, in the beginning of his work, "they had no property, but, seeing our needs we made our requests known and God speedily answered our prayers so that now we have a good property in a desirable part of the city."

The story of how a chapel came to be built in another part of the District is worth telling. As he and Mrs. Mansell were making their first visit to Sataon, an out of the way place, they became aware that some one was trying to overtake them. They halted, meanwhile guessing whether the huge figure approaching them was that of a man or of a woman. When she came near enough to speak, she, in reply to their question as to who she was, joyfully and with much pride announced that she was a Christian. It soon became apparent that she was on her way to attend the service to be held in Sataon in the mud wall-enclosed compound of the preacher. At the close of the service, she drew near to Mansell and, in the obsequious, supplicating attitude peculiar to the east, began in the most approved beggar style to make her request. Much disappointed, Mansell told her that he had not

come to distribute gifts but to preach Christ. The preacher then told him, to his great surprise, that the woman was not begging, as he supposed, but that she was asking that a chapel be built where the Christians might meet for regular service. They found that she belonged to an aboriginal tribe, very low in the scale of intelligence and civilization, known as Banmanush—forest dwellers—who make their living selling forest products. She told of her large family and of how they prayed morning and evening, adding that, if any child went to sleep early, he was routed out for prayers. Nothing would do but that Mr. and Mrs. Mansell should visit their rude huts in the woods on their way home. This they did and received a glad welcome. Not long after, this wild woman of the woods brought her daughter in to the head quarters of the Circuit that she might have a proper Christian marriage in the chapel. It was most encouraging, and pathetic at the same time, to see the longing for Christian ways and rites that was born along with her Christian hope, in the bosom of this gypsy woman of the forests. A little later her prayer was granted, though she longed for chapel in Sataon passed through some vicissitudes.

Concerning this chapel, Mansell wrote in his report of the work for that year, "Owing to the

violent opposition of the Hindus, the Butler chapel in Sataon was finally taken over by the Government and, with the money received in compensation, another property in a suitable place was secured, but here too our enemies followed and dug through the roof near the corner of the wall and succeeded in ruining half the house."

In another place, he writes sadly of the people in two or three villages who, under the stress of persecution which to them seemed too great for human endurance, had reverted to the old faith. He had only words of pity for them, mourning over their weakness, and ignorance of the source of help and comfort. They had been sincere in their purpose to serve Christ, but the seed, falling on stony ground, had quickly sprung up and as quickly succumbed to the fierce heat of persecution.

But on the other side of the picture, we find a record of achievements that cheer the heart of the missionary. Among these is the story of a Brahman convert who was told to get together and teach all the boys he could and thus start a school. He soon had a flourishing school of more than a hundred boys. When he reported that there were too many boys for one man to handle successfully, he was told to find an assistant and to collect fees from the pupils sufficient

for his salary. This was done and the school continued to thrive. There was another Brahman convert, who himself could not read, but always kept a Bible in his house and invited the Hindu head man of the village to read it aloud in the evenings to the people who had gathered to listen. On one occasion a little later, this same convert asked Mansell to go with him out into the fields to ask God's blessing on his crops. When asked what he had done with his ancestral god, he cheerfully replied that he had broken it into two pieces and made it serve the first useful purpose in its long worthless existence. He brought out a five seer weight, saying, "I use half of it for this."

At the first service after taking over the District, a young teacher was an attentive listener. Ten years later while Mansell was in the Theological Seminary at Bareilly, a young man came, recommended from the Oudh District, to take the course in theology. Then it was that, for the first time, Mansell learned what had happened in his first village service on the District. The man told his story of a long and painful search for the true light. He had made a pilgrimage far up into the very heart of the Himalayas to Badrinath amid the unmelting snows ; had endured all the rigors and perils of

that long journey of six weeks among the mighty mountains, enduring hunger and cold and privations untold. He had visited other shrines, but the peace had not come, the longed for light had not broken in on his seeking, benighted soul. The priests of the temple had branded on his body the sign of the god but all in vain. At last he became convinced that the Christ of whom he had heard could give him what he sought. With this belief—more of the intellect than of the heart—he was baptised and later became the teacher of a small school for boys in the Oudh district.

After his arrival at the Seminary, in the Wednesday Meeting in which Mansell listened to the life stories of his students, he told, with shining face, how there in that simple service, years ago, under the inspiration of the message from the man of God, the light had broken in on his darkness and, he added joyously, "It has never gone out."

Mansell closes his report of his last year on the District with these words, "And so the work proceeds. There are many encouraging lights and some unavoidable shadows to the picture, but through it all shines the glory of His presence whose work it is and who will surely give the final victory."



A BAND OF WORKERS, FORMERLY PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS
(Oudh District)

CHAPTER VI

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND TERM

MISSION custom has decreed that ordinarily, after a service of ten years, the missionary is entitled to one year in the home land. This is however not a hard and fast rule, though, only in emergencies, is the missionary asked to stay longer than ten years. Conditions of health, needs of the field and a score of other questions enter into and influence the decision in each case. The Mansells had finished ten years of such service as any one might be proud to have recorded against his name and so were granted furlough in January 1900. Shortly after the Central Conference, they set sail from Calcutta by the Pacific route. In Singapur, Shanghai, Kobe and Osaka, Conferences and conventions were in session which gave them an opportunity of seeing and studying the work in other fields. They returned to India in March 1901 and proceeded to their new field of work in Bijnor. This District is the same as the civil District of the same name, with the headquarters at the city of Bijnor. The work was opened by that great

pioneer of missions, E. W. Parker, in 1859. For some years it was one of the most promising fields in North India, but frequent changes in the leadership, made necessary by the needs of more important fields, together with other causes which do not concern this story had brought the work to a stand still. While there was a large Christian community and a fairly good Girls' Boarding school at Bijnor, yet the condition of the field as a whole left much to be desired. Much satisfaction was expressed by those who had been in any way connected with the district in other days, at the appointment of Mansell whose evangelistic fervor, perfect mastery of the language and love for the Indian people, were well known. One who had formerly worked in the District writes, "I wonder how you will like Bijnor? It was our first home and is dear to us. It has had no good worker in the way of an experienced man. All its early men were in their experimental stage. I and B. and T. did our first work there. I was happy for Bijnor when you were appointed." Another, writing to him on his return, says, "Welcome back to India. Glad you are with us again and still more glad that you are to go to Bijnor. My heart has ached for that field and that work since I left it. I regard it as one of the most promising fields in

all our Mission and I believe that you will be able with God's blessing to accomplish great things."

This District was visited by Megasthenes, one of Alexander's generals, and later, in the seventh Century by Hwen Tau, a Buddhist Monk from China, who found thriving cities and a well established government. Bijnor, the headquarter of Government and of the Mission, is nineteen miles from the railway, being connected therewith by a metalled road, lined on both sides with shade trees. A large, clumsy, oblong box on wheels called a *dak* (mail) *gari*, drawn by ponies which are changed every six miles, is the chief means of communication between the headquarters and the railway. The distance is covered in from two and a half to three hours and, barring the noise and jolting, the journey is not an uncomfortable one. At night one can spread his bedding out on the inside and get a comfortable sleep, as the ponies jog along from change to change.

Bijnor District had been for some years a part of the Moradabad District, but was made a separate District when Mansell returned. On learning this fact, he was genuinely disappointed, for he wanted it still to remain a part of another District and himself to be the District evangelist in charge of the local work of Bijnor rather than

to be in independent charge. For some years, the impression had been growing up in the Indian Church that, once a man became District Superintendent, it was a life position except in case of misconduct or marked inefficiency and that the dignity of the position required that, so long as the man was able to discharge the exacting duties of his office, he should remain in charge. In other words to revert again to the pastorate was looked upon as a degradation. Mansell, by taking a subordinate position himself, on return from furlough, hoped to help to dissipate this wrong and very hurtful notion and to demonstrate, by his own example, that so great and important is the Master's work, that there are no small or unimportant places and that whoever has any place whatsoever in His service is honored; hence his genuine disappointment at finding himself in independent charge.

The Christians of Bijnor are largely from the lowest castes and living among their non-Christian friends and relations without separation or break of caste relations, as is the case with converts from all other classes. Mansell, writing of the condition of the community, says, "The coming in large numbers of any class naturally makes it easier for the individual to embrace the new faith, and, with the ease of the conversion,

comes a measure of superficiality in the faith. Other things being equal, those conversions are the most satisfactory which are attended with the greatest difficulty. In most cases, since the converted Lal Begis continue to live in their old surroundings with the traditions of their ancestors still governing them, it was not difficult, under special stress, to relapse into idolatrous practices. And this was especially the case where this practice was connected with the means of their livelihood. In many cases their right to live in the village was conditioned upon their performing certain services in connection with the heathen rites of their masters. We have often had occasion to quote I Cor. 10 : 18-20 as bearing with marvelous aptness on their case."

During the three years spent on the District, Mansell spent many weeks every cold season in continuous itinerating, thus coming into close touch with the people, studying their needs and the conditions of village life. These journeys took him far afield in reaching those who were visited least frequently and whom he could not possibly reach in the hot weather or in the rainy season. Many points might be visited easily after the hot winds set in, but not the more distant ones. The means of locomotion on these long trips was invariably the slow moving, springless

ox-cart. He had built to order a cart of his own invention made of shisham or Indian rosewood at a cost of about \$20.00 in which they could travel in a degree of comfort, though it too was springless, and carry a few necessary articles along, but to the uncertain ox-cart of the indifferent villager must be committed the camping outfit and cooking utensils. Camping, while never actually monotonous, if extended over months continuously, is likely to become more or less tiresome and, as one Missionary has said, one longs for a solid floor under one's feet and hooks to hang one's clothes on and breakable dishes to eat from. Accidents and delays and the delightful uncertainty, as to the arrival of the carts with the camping outfit, add to the interest of the experience. The camp is broken up early in the morning, after a hasty meal, and the carts despatched to the next place; the Missionary goes out and visits three or four villages on the way, arriving at the new camping ground, as the sun goes down, tired and hungry having eaten nothing perhaps since the early morning meal or if perchance, he has food at all, it is only from the scanty store that he happened to have along. Arriving at the place selected, his eager eye scans every grove that could possibly conceal his modest camp, but no where are any signs of



USEFUL, BUT NOT LUXURIOUS

life. The brief twilight gives way to darkness and with the darkness comes the bitter cold of an Indian winter night. He finally decides that he shall have to go hungry to such a bed as he can improvise with only the cushions of the cart and the lap robe. Soon after he has dozed off, he is awakened by much shouting and various remarks peculiar to the village ox driver, uncomplimentary to the character of some of the ancestors of the patient ox he drives. Happily the Missionary does not very well understand this jargon of abuse. The meaning of the confusion is that at last the tent has arrived. Pitching a tent in the dark is not a task to be desired, but by and by it is up after a fashion and soon after midnight all is quiet again and the Missionary is resting in his camp bed with good prospects for the remainder of the night. Any one of a hundred accidents may happen to delay the arrival of the camp, muddy or sandy roads, a break down of an old cart wheel, the giving out of an ox or the driver losing the way. These are the common experiences of the itinerant Missionary and they had to be desperate indeed, if Mansell failed to see some humour in them or if they were not dismissed with a joke or a story and a half humorous and half serious, "Let us be thankful that it is as well

with us as it is." This was the Master's work and any deprivations and accidents, any discomforts were negligible incidents to be gladly and cheerfully borne for His sake.

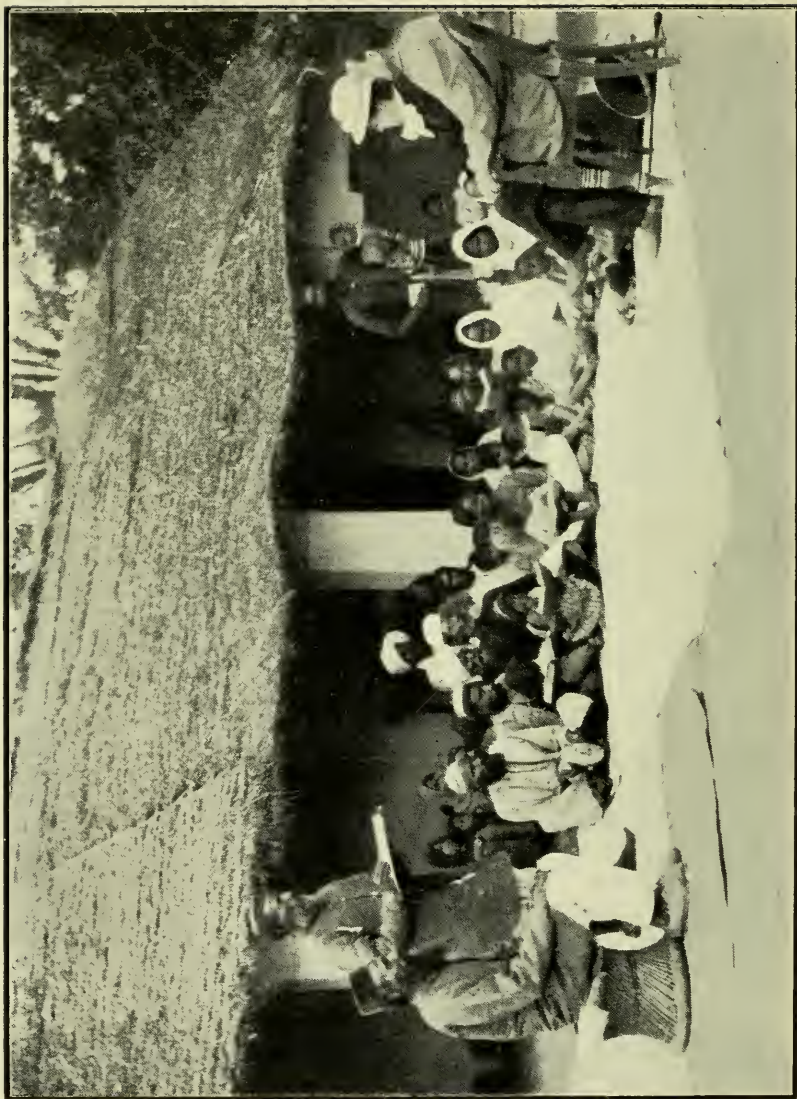
Writing of this work he says, "We spent nearly four months in regular district work, our aim being to stay three or four days in a place. Our day's programme consisted of a morning service with the workers accompanying us, for devotions and Scripture study, a noonday preaching service in the village followed by a special service for the children and by a special evangelistic service in the evening. In addition to the regular work among the Christians, wherever we could do so, we preached in the *melas* and market places and public squares to the non-Christians." In the intervals of the above services the near by villages were visited and services held with the Christians.

A Missionary evangelist doing this same sort of village to village work, writing of her experiences, mentioning the hardships and fatigue, the unspeakable filth and dirt and the frightful diseases to which one is continually exposed, as he goes among the villages and into the houses and sits on the dirty beds on which (he is later informed) some one has just died of small pox, says, "Can any one presume that we really love

the dirt and squalor and the not over clean beds upon which one must sit, the garments all about touching ours, garments once clean but which never more will be so ; the hot sandy stretches the uncertain hours ? Hardly. Wherein then lies the charm ? Why does the burden though heavy seem so precious ? Verily one can only explain, when one knows that they are His lost sheep and that He loves them and that His heart yearns over them. And, as one toils with Him, He opens one's eyes to the beauties all the way and helps one to see that, beneath all the dirt and ignorance, there are immortal souls to save and—yes we love them too and we cry out in the joy which only the toiler knows, "Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day."

His first work was to build up the workers and to make them feel a sense of responsibility. He saw at a glance that this was the key to the whole situation. The *chela* (disciple) will be no better than the *guru* (teacher) and obviously the first step toward a better condition of the Church was to bring the leaders of the Church to a higher level. Workers' meetings, covering periods of weeks, were held, in which the workers might be helped and inspired with loftier ideals and with an ambition to do better work among their people, personal touch with the worker was

essential and much prayer for and with the individual worker was made. The Bible was every where taught with a special view to helping the men and women in their own lives and in furnishing them with suitable material for their daily work. To make this still more definite and valuable, certain portions were selected to be read and studied, and on which at either the workers' meeting or at the District Conference, examinations would be held. As a still further help, the busy Superintendent issued every month special helps in Bible study with brief explanations of difficult passages and directions for study and with helps for the weaker brethren and sisters to aid in finding those passages richest in spiritual food for themselves and for their people. These monthly helps were greatly prized and were very valuable indeed in helping the men and women to a more systematic method of Bible study. Though more than a decade has passed, the workers in Bijnor still speak of the great impetus Mansell's own love for the Word and his helpful lessons on methods had been toward begetting in them a love for the Word of God. The worker has laid down his tools and has gone to his reward but the work of those three years, the inspiration of his life and example, the influence of his love for the people, his sym-



A TYPICAL QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
(Bijnor District)

pathy and his unfailing readiness to hear and to help and, above all, his life of devotion and perfect consecration to God, still abide in the hearts of the people of that District and "He, being dead, yet speaketh".

In the last year on the District, his work and burdens were greatly increased. His services were always in demand at all the workers' meetings and District Conferences of all the surrounding Districts. These invitations were so cordial and urgent that he felt that it was an opportunity not to be neglected, a call not to be refused; his name appeared one or more times on many of the Mussoorie conventions—these in addition to the constant calls of committee work, connected with the work of young people and of education and in connection with almost every form of inter-mission activity, made him one of the busiest men in India. He was, in his last year in Bijnor, acting District Superintendent of Oudh, Secretary of the Epworth League for India and editor of the *Kaukab-i-Hind*. Few realized how many and heavy were the burdens that were being placed on his broad shoulders. There is deep pathos in a simple sentence in his diary that tells, more than pages would do, of the burdens this tireless worker was so cheerfully bearing. He writes, "Finished the *Kaukab* at

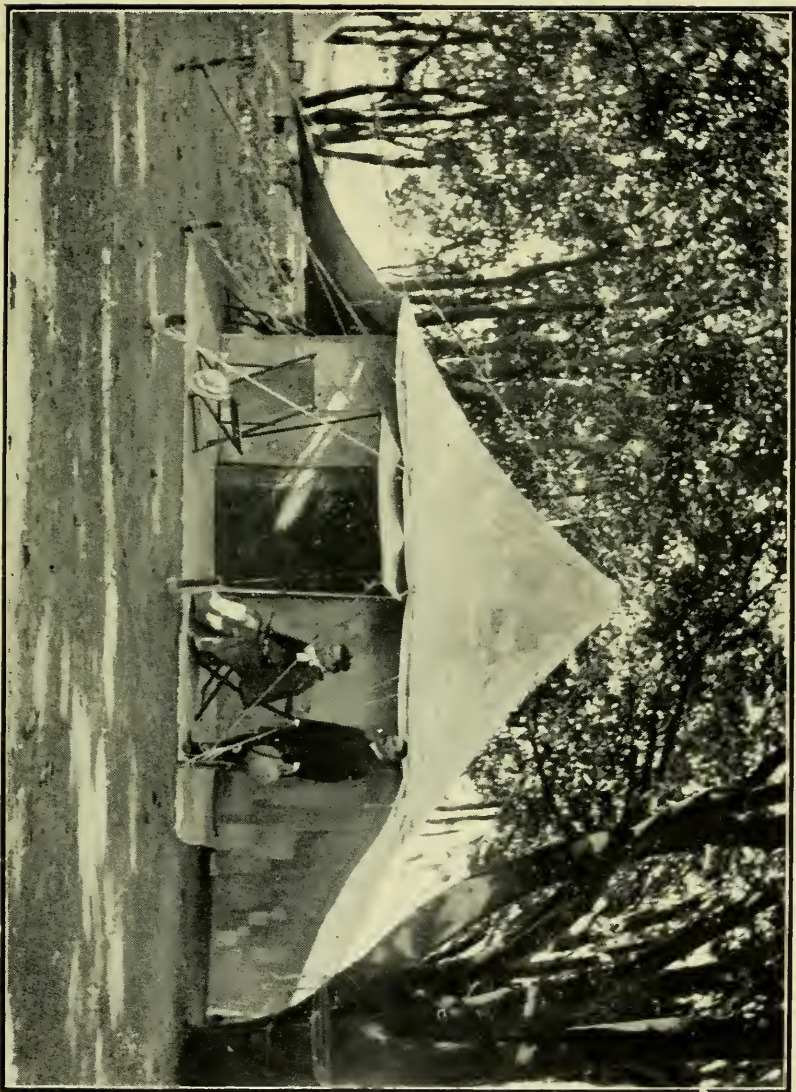
midnight last night." This in itself does not mean much. Many another man has had to sit up till midnight or after, to complete some urgent task, but when we remember that this took place at the end of one of these long, hot, tiresome days in the ox-cart with several services on the way, then the fulness of meaning begins to dawn on one.

During these three years, the poor, whether Christian or non-Christian, had the Gospel preached to them as perhaps never before. Others had itinerated faithfully, but were not permitted to remain so long, nor, as we have already seen, had they the experience and the familiarity with the people and the mastery of the language that Mansell had. A non-Christian, after listening intently to the preaching in one of the market places was heard to say as he went away, "After many years we again hear these good words." In Mansell's own words, "It is an inviting field for constant revival effort. A single year's work cannot effect a transformation, but constant and unremitting efforts in the same direction will surely result in building up a church worthy of the name." In the good providence of God he was permitted to see some of the fruits of this "unremitting effort," before he was called to another sphere of labor.

In the last report on the work of the District, he says, "These same Christians (referring to the people of a certain village) have now for two years refused to beat the drum at the Holi festivals, although this is one of the hereditary occupations of the sweepers and, for this service, they annually got an allowance of country sugar and the cast off clothing of their employers. We have tried to get the people in other places to give up this occupation, but with poor success, as in their extreme poverty they are unwilling to give up this additional income to their slender means. The Purra people have however made a stand and this year they were surprised to find that their Hindu masters and landlords noting their absence had sent a liberal allowance of sugar by their own servants with the message, 'You did not come for the perquisites and we are therefore sending them to you.' Thus does God honour faithfulness."

An incident, in connection with the work in Bijnor, is worth relating. Mrs. Mansell tells the story. "In Bashta we encamped in a wonderfully beautiful mango grove near the part of the village where our Christians live, among whom we held a meeting the first evening after our arrival. To our distress, we found an idolatrous shrine before us. The man, in front of whose house the

shrine was, said it belonged to his brother who lived near, but who was away from the village. Feeling sure that it belonged to both brothers, both of whom were Christians, Mr. Mansell gave them warning that he would destroy it and the next day, before the whole company of workers and Christians, he read the Scriptural commands to break down idols and then the workers tore down this large shrine and some smaller ones. It was our first experience and we were somewhat nervous as to the outcome. Fresh in our minds was the story of the experience of Miss Rowe and an Indian preacher who had destroyed a large shrine in another place. The preacher assured the people that an idol was nothing and that, if the evil spirit, to whom the shrine had been built, had any power to do evil, he might wreak his vengeance on him. By a strange coincidence, the preacher, who had been all day in the hot sun with insufficient food and who was an elderly man and not strong, died the same day. Within a month or a little more, the sainted Miss Rowe was herself carried to her last resting place. This made a profound impression in hundreds of villages and many old neglected shrines were rebuilt. Should any untoward event, such as sudden sickness or death, come on any of the people of the village, we dreaded the



OUT AMONG THE VILLAGES
(Bijnor District)

result on the thousands of ignorant, superstitious, village Christians.

In the middle of the meeting with the women, a great uproar was heard. The wife of the absent partner in the shrine had returned and found the shrine in ruins. She came running to where we were, screaming her denunciations and abuse. Showing the bread she had brought from the homes of Hindus and Mohammedans where she had been working, she declared that it was all the gift of the spirit represented by the shrine and, calling her daughter out of the meeting, went away and proceeded to rebuild the earthen altar.

That night after returning from the meeting, we heard a great commotion in the village; a house was ablaze. We soon learned that it was the house of this very woman whose shrine had been destroyed. She wept long and loud, keeping it up long after her house and possessions had all been destroyed, shrieking in a voice terrible to hear.

Our hearts sank: Satan was at work to destroy the good influence of all our work: God alone could avert a calamity; He alone could change the situation. We begged the workers to plead with Him and we ourselves were in an agony of prayer. The first word of the answer

came, when some of the workers told us that the woman wanted to beg the *mem sahib's* pardon. Still the burden had not gone. We had said that, if the altar were rebuilt, we would again tear it down. Meanwhile, learning that this very shrine had been once before destroyed by a missionary and again rebuilt, we felt that we had erred through inexperience and that no permanent good would come till the people themselves should, of their own will, destroy it.

The last day of our stay came and, with many misgivings, we returned to the village to redeem our promise and to hold our last meeting. The moment we were seated the woman came and, sitting at my feet, put her hands together in the attitude of penitence and, asking for our forgiveness, said that the only result that had come to her from rebuilding the altar was that her house had burned down. "I was very foolish," she said. "Very foolish," was the only consolation she got from us. "Wont you tear the altar down yourself?" we asked. "No," she said, "but you may." Instantly word was passed to the workers and, as the hymn of praise arose, the altar fell and was never again rebuilt. The woman was so changed that she became a regular attendant at church and never tired of telling how the missionaries had set her free from

the bondage to idolatry.” The writer was in this village recently and was delighted with the real spiritual growth that was found among the people. How wonderfully God answers prayer and turns the weapons, that were formed against Him, to the discomfiture of Satan !

CHAPTER VII

IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT BAREILLY

FOR more than a third of a century the name of Rev. T. J. Scott had been identified with the Theological Seminary at Bareilly. To think of the one was to recall the other. Under his splendid leadership, the Seminary had grown and developed, until it had come to be, not only one of the best known institutions in India, but the largest of its kind in Asia. Bareilly had become to Indian Methodism what Benares is to Hinduism and Mecca to Mohammedanism. But Dr. Scott was to go on furlough in 1904 and a successor had to be provided.

When the question came up, with one accord all eyes were turned toward the Superintendent of the Bijnor district as the man whose gifts and graces, intellectual and spiritual, fitted him peculiarly to become a worthy successor to Dr. Scott. The Conference that year met at Bareilly and was presided over conjointly by Bishops Warren and Warne, the former being our quadrennial visitor. Both Bishops had studied the needs of the Seminary, had been impressed with

its vital relation to our great work and had closely observed the man who, by common consent, was the choice for the place and put upon that choice the seal of their unqualified approval. It was agreed by all who knew the situation that no better choice could have been made.

Mansell writes modestly in his first report of his own work and generously of that of his predecessor.

“It was not without feelings of fear and hesitation that we received the appointment of the Conference to this place, when Dr. Scott laid down the work to which he had devoted thirty-five years of his life. But the promise vouchsafed to Joshua, when he took up the burden laid down by his venerable leader, seemed renewed to us and we have not found its provision to fail. The Lord has in many and marked ways shown His favour and through His grace we are enabled to record a year of prosperity and blessing in spite of many untoward circumstances.

While recognizing the fact, that in many cases the armour and accoutrements must be altered to fit a new incumbent, still our policy on taking up our work was not to be hasty in making changes, but to follow the plans of our predecessors which had been tried by long experience

and found to be successful. So that whatever of success is recorded this year is due in a large measure to the faithful following of wise plans and precedents.

The writer also wishes, at this time, to acknowledge with gratitude the cordial spirit in which he has been welcomed to their midst by the staff of the Seminary, and the spirit of union and helpfulness which has uniformly characterized them. Work amid such surroundings could but be pleasant and full of inspiration."

One statement in this report deserves additional emphasis. "Our policy in taking up our work was not to be hasty in making changes." In each new work taken up, Mansell resisted the temptation, if it ever was a temptation, "to knock to pieces all the contrivances of his predecessors and make kindling wood of them." Dr. Jefferson, in his "Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers," gives some wholesome advice along this line. "His plans," says Dr. Jefferson, "should be allowed to stand, if not for ever, till at least day after to-morrow. Other men have labored and the new minister should enter into their labors, not stamp upon them. To begin afresh, as though all who have gone before him were drones or dunces, is not commendable.

"A new man on coming to the field—especially

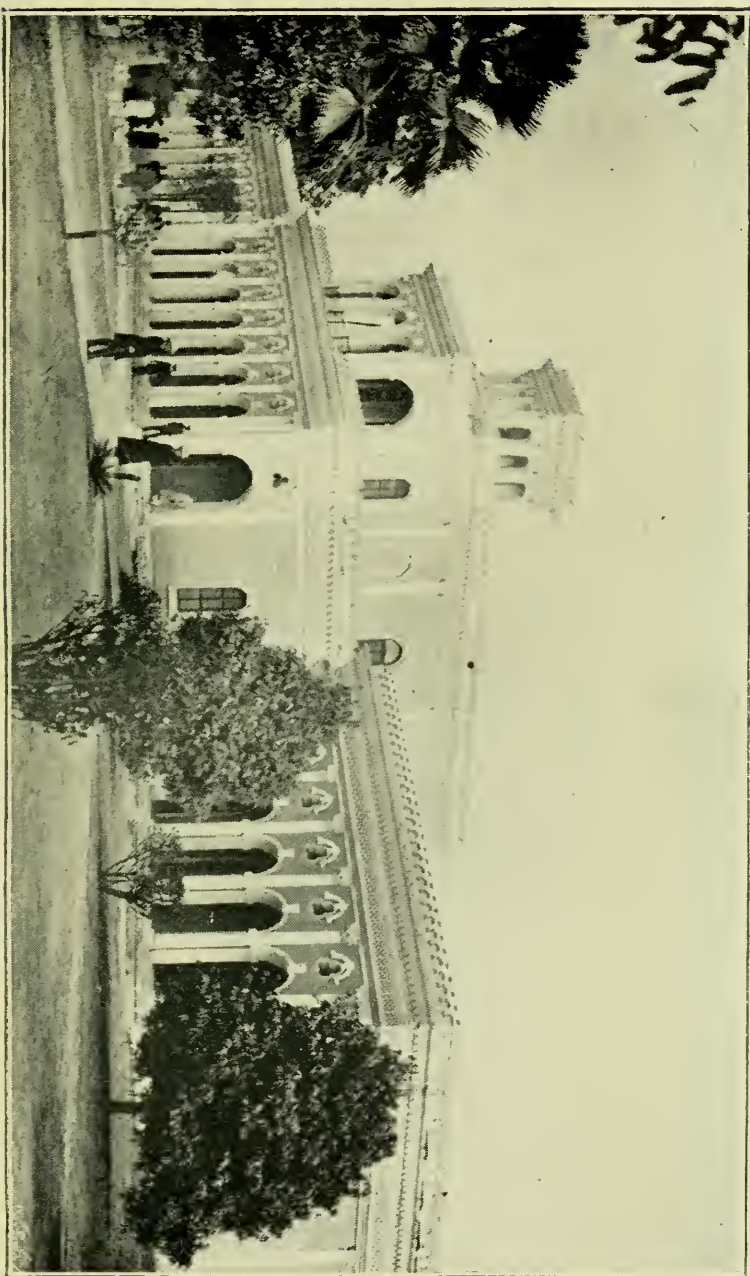
if he be without experience—is apt to feel that things would not be as they are, had his predecessor done his work with greater ability and wisdom. Upon this departed man, as upon a scapegoat, are saddled all the sins of the parish, and the new pastor, eager to prove himself superior to all who have gone before him, proceeds to break to pieces the parochial machinery, and to create a new set of agencies which will usher in the golden age. Poor man! later on he will discover under the juniper tree that he is no better than his fathers.”

Mansell wisely built on the foundations laid, and, only when he had mastered the situation in its details and was convinced that the existing good barred the way to the best, did he make changes in methods. In this particular field he found that the foundations, laid by a master builder, needed few changes, save those necessary to keep in harmony with changing conditions.

Mansell came to the new work full of enthusiasm. He loved young people. Here his work was to be among them exclusively. The years spent in district work under widely different conditions, had brought him an intimate and firsthand knowledge of the sort of men needed. He had familiarized himself with every phase of evangelistic work and now his training

received in the Seminary at Boston, his broad accurate scholarship, his thorough knowledge of every phase of the work and of its needs, his well-known love for India and Indians, and above all his fervent devotion made him an ideal head of this Institution that for three decades had been one of the most potent and influential factors in the development of the work in all the great northern and central Indian field. Bishop Oldham, one year after Mansell's appointment to the Seminary, wrote, "Dr. William A. Mansell, now principal, is, to take him all in all, perhaps the most commanding figure among our young Methodist Missionaries in India. Boston Seminary did no mean job, when it trained young Mansell in Theology and sent him to India. He has an extraordinary grip on the language and is perhaps the ablest, simplest Hindustani preacher among our men. His administration in the Seminary is giving unqualified satisfaction."

The Seminary was, by the wise forethought of the early missionaries, located in Bareilly. Around this as a center, our great work with now nearly 200,000 Christians has grown up. Into this central institution are sent, from every part of the field, promising young men and, after three years of training at the hands of such men as Drs. Scott and Mansell and their likeminded



BAREILLY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

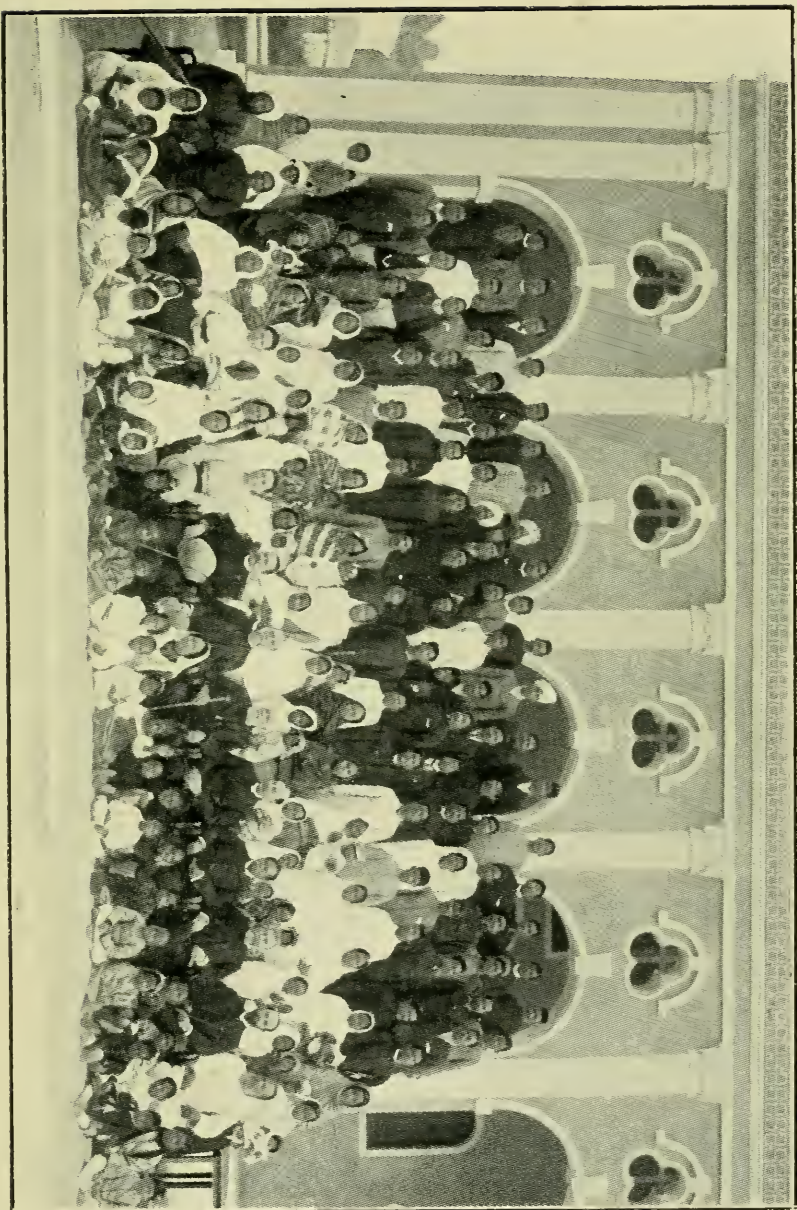
helpers who have put their very hearts and souls into the work and life of the school, have gone forth to pour out, into the lives and hearts of the people sitting in the darkness, some of the spirit that they have imbibed from these great men. The splendid fruitage of these lives is seen, not only in the localities where the great mass movements are on, but also in the quieter advance in other parts of the field.

The Seminary had, from its beginning, found ever increasing favour with our people. Mansell was loved by all and his presence in this center of Indian Methodism became a new magnet. Repeatedly he wrote regretfully that, on account of limited accommodations and yet more limited resources, he was compelled to refuse admission to many who were eagerly seeking further fitness for the Master's service. In 1905 he wrote, "Last year we had to reject one-third of the candidates recommended for admission by the various District Conferences, because we had not the room or the scholarships to provide for them. From present appearances, it seems likely that we shall have to do the same this year. There can be no doubt that the field demands a rapid increase in the number of educated and trained men available for the ministry. The candidates are forthcoming, but we need greatly increased

resources for the Seminary, both in accommodations and scholarships, if we are to meet the demand. When and how will the need be met?"

Through the generosity of the laymen of Erie Conference, the need for increased accommodations was partly met. Within the bounds of this Conference, the splendid sum of \$10,000 was donated, with which a line of buildings, capable of accommodating 50 students, was erected and in 1912 opened for use. But the earnest appeal for increased funds to support the students, for whom the call in the great field is ever becoming louder and more insistent, remains yet unanswered. But he leaves the needs of the work in the hands of the Master of the vineyard. It is dear to his own heart, but infinitely dearer to Him. Mansell says: "Our needs are many, but the Master of the treasure knows what they are, and our prayers are to Him, to lead His stewards to unlock the vaults of the Lord's treasury and send the needed supplies."

The men who come to the Seminary as a rule have already been on the work somewhere in the field. On leaving the work, they leave their salaries behind for their successors. And, not having been able to save anything up from their very modest salaries, they are without funds. Accordingly, while they are in the Seminary



THE SEMINARY FAMILY AND TRUSTEES IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE, 1907

undergoing training, they must secure support from the Seminary. This is provided in the way of scholarships. These scholarships are furnished largely by the friends of the Seminary in the homeland, being supplemented from the sadly inadequate endowments. The Seminary is therefore largely dependent from year to year on the generosity of its friends. It might be stated that there are no opportunities for men to earn their way, as they do in the Seminaries in the homeland. This statement is necessary, to understand the many and earnest appeals sent out by Mansell for a more generous support of the work.

While Mansell was energetically seeking to increase the output of the Seminary, so as to meet, in some measure, the ever-increasing demands for trained workers, yet the main purpose of his life and work was to enrich and in every way equip for better service the men who each year went forth to re-enforce the ranks of those at the forefront of the line of battle. This was of supreme importance. In this were enlisted all his brilliant powers and attainments, his abounding energy and tact, his love for God and for men. To this end he wrought all the day and far into the night: for this he poured out his great soul before his God. Every available means

was laid under tribute. He held annually special services; he came into personal touch with each man; he prayed with them in private; he patiently listened to their difficulties and wisely tried to lead them into a better way. Neither his heart nor his home was ever closed to one who sought his help.

The influence of his religious life on the students is illustrated by the following incident which is by no means an insulated occurrence. Two students had a misunderstanding which grew into a violent quarrel. Each was anxious to be the first to present his side before the Principal. Mansell, suspecting from their faces the cause of their hasty visit, talked with them for a few minutes and then suggested that they pray together. In neither talk nor prayer was the subject of their visit referred to. After one of his fervent face-to-face talks with God, he arose and asked them if there was anything special they wanted to see him about. Ashamed and repentant, they hung their heads and with averted gazes said: "No, *Sahib*, we just came in to pay our *salams*."

The watchword of the Seminary was, "The raising up of an indigenous ministry is of supreme importance for the evangelization of India." Neither he nor his loyal band of fellow

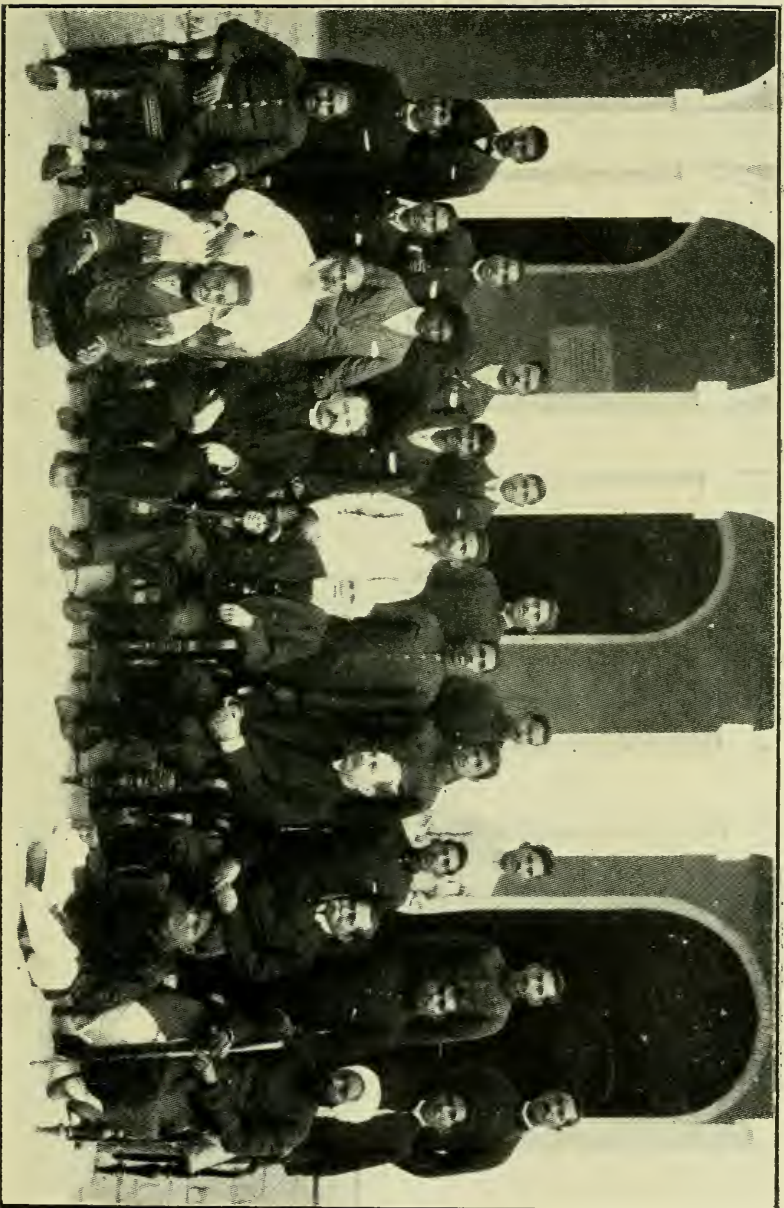
laborers ever lost sight of this supreme need of Christianity in India, and strove with purpose of heart to meet it.

Mansell realized that India must be brought to Christ by her own sons and especially by her educated sons. Nowhere in the world is education at a greater premium. He sought to bring the better educated class under the influence of the Seminary and to send them forth with sharpened sickles to reap the ripening harvest. Hitherto the students who sought admission had not had opportunities for higher preparation. An educated man himself, in the highest sense, he thoroughly believed in an educated ministry and sought by every means to get the educated young men of the Church into the Seminary. One B. A. graduated in Mansell's first year, having entered the Seminary two years earlier. In order to bring the Seminary more into line with the schools and colleges, in hope of securing more of our young men as they pass out of schools, on his recommendation, the Board of Trustees changed the date of opening from January to July and of closing the school year from December to May. The scholarships were increased so as to meet, somewhat more adequately, the needs of the men of more advanced attainments. Both these changes were made

shortly before Mansell's death. He strove incessantly to broaden the vision of his students and to lift them unto a plane where they would realize a degree of responsibility for the world, instead of confining their interests and prayers to one section of a country or even to one country. He kept before them the needs of distant Tirhut and of Central and South India.

A student came who had seen some thing of the great outside world. A call came from the Fiji Islands for a trained man to come and work among the forty thousand Indians over there. This man volunteered. Mansell was delighted. Later came another appeal and two men with their families responded. Then but a few months before he went home he had the joy of sending another hopeful worker and his wife to this distant field.

His class room work was stimulating as well as instructive. It is of much less importance that the students should acquire a certain amount of information than that hunger for information be created or stimulated and that he be put into the way of acquiring information. Mansell was far more anxious to galvanize the mental processes of his students into life and action and to create a habit of mental alertness than merely to impart certain facts. The breadth and richness of his



FACULTY AND GRADUATING CLASS OF BAREILLY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
(Dr. Henry Mansell is seated in the middle of the front row)



intellectual life was at once a revelation and an inspiration to his students. Such ripeness, such fulness of knowledge on all subjects, but especially in all that concerned the Word, made the class room a delight : a life long habit of acquiring and storing information of every sort made him a full and ready man, whether in the pulpit or class room. A successful teacher has said, "I cannot teach right up to the edge of my knowledge, without a fear of falling off. My students discover this fear and my words are ineffective. They feel the influence *of what I do not say.*" Mansell did not need to have this fear of reaching the edge of his knowledge in any subject. It was always at a safe distance and, both in the class room and in the pulpit, his people felt helpfully the influence of not only what he did say, but of the many things they felt he might have said, had he wanted to, but did not. Such was his mastery of the intricacies of the language, that Western thought lost nothing of its forcefulness in the translation, but gained much in colour and beauty.

As Principal he was always approachable, and his students were always sure of a sympathetic hearing and of absolutely fair treatment. Once the students from Bijnor said, in the hearing of others, that they were the favorites of the Prin-

cial for he had just come from the superintendency of that District; the Oudh boys objected, urging that they were his favorites, for he had lived longest in Oudh and, besides, many of them had been under him in school; others urged reasons why they were his favored ones. The fact was that his relation to his students so nearly approximated the ideal, that not only were there no heart-burnings, because of favoritism and partiality, but each believed himself to be the favorite of the Principal.

The ten years in the Seminary covered the period of Mansell's fullest development and were the busiest ten years of all his busy life. His services were in greater demand than ever and the calls so urgent that he found it difficult to refuse them. There was hardly a year that he did not preach somewhere more times than there were Sundays in the year. Part of the time he was Editor of the 'Kaukab-i-Hind.' He was also Preacher in charge of the station for a year and Chaplain to the non-conforming soldiers of the various branches of the troops stationed in Bareilly. One year he had charge of the Bareilly district and in 1909 he was District Superintendent of the Bijnor District.

Yet, amid these many duties, he found time to prepare and write out with his own hand, so that

it might be lithographed, "An Elementary Manual for the use of those who are beginning the study of New Testament Greek in Hindustani." This, while only an elementary treatise, must have caused him to sit until after the midnight-hour of many a night. Among other little books for the use of his students, was an introduction to the study of the Bible, also in Hindustani.

The students received careful training, not only in the Class Room, but also in practical work. Mansell writes, "Regular, religious work, under proper supervision and direction, has been carried on by our students every week. The work has been conducted in thirty-two Sunday schools and in about twenty street preaching centres in the city and neighbouring villages. The average weekly audience, reached by our Sunday schools and street preaching service, amounted to 1,800 souls. Thus it will be seen that the Seminary was a busy center of activity. He himself tried to visit each of these Sunday schools in the course of the year, and besides he was often with these street preaching bands. When possible, he visited the large *melas* in the surrounding districts, taking bands of young men with him to preach to the gathered thousands. It was a rare privilege that these bands enjoyed, for, at street and *mela* preaching, he was a master workman.

In 1905, in recognition of his ripe scholarship, the Ohio Wesleyan University, of which he was a favorite son, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1908 he had been granted conditional furlough, but the needs of the field were great and the force of men small, so he decided not to take it. Two years later, he and Mrs. Mansell took furlough and, as the health of both required it, remained two years. They were present at the Conference of January 1912 and were returned to the Seminary, where he continued to labour with courageous heart, but ever weakening body, till the promotion came to the higher service.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAN OF BROAD CULTURE

PERHAPS no other calling demands a wider range of accomplishments than does that of a missionary. His isolation throws him back on his own resources. He must be prepared to meet every kind of emergency and to put his hands to almost every kind of work. He needs to know something about a variety of things. Sickness is frequent and doctors, not always available, therefore he must know something about simple remedies. Building must be done, and he must know something about architecture and building and be able to manage a body of workmen. He is constantly running up against questions of law, so he must have some legal knowledge. He needs to be a carpenter, a farmer, a practical book-keeper, a school teacher, not merely to be able to manage a school, but to be able to step in, if need be, and teach. In case his clock or his organ or his motor bicycle, if happily he can afford one, gets out of repair, it is convenient to be able to set them right and avoid long, vexatious delays and heavy expenses in sending them off. Most of our missionaries come to India with

some degree and scholarly tastes. But the multiplicity of duties press upon them and soon the ambition to attain scholarly distinction has evaporated.

W. A. Mansell was one of the few happy exceptions. He did not neglect the many things, but he found time to achieve the one to an unusual degree. He acquired a taste for learning from his father, who, when not out preaching or attending to practical duties, was busy in his studies among his books, writing or translating. When Will was two and a half years old, his father was translating the life of Wesley. As he stood by his father's side watching him work, his frequent request was, "Papa, I see John Wesley," and the indulgent father would pause for a moment and turn to the steel engraving of that great and good man. His admiration for John Wesley probably had its beginning here. His boyish love for good books and good reading has already been referred to. His eager, enquiring mind was not satisfied with being told that certain things are true. He wanted to go deeper and know why they were true. At an early age, he was reading a book, "The Reason Why," a "book that asked 1325 questions about things that every body knows and believes, but cannot tell the reason why."

In his college course, while in all his studies

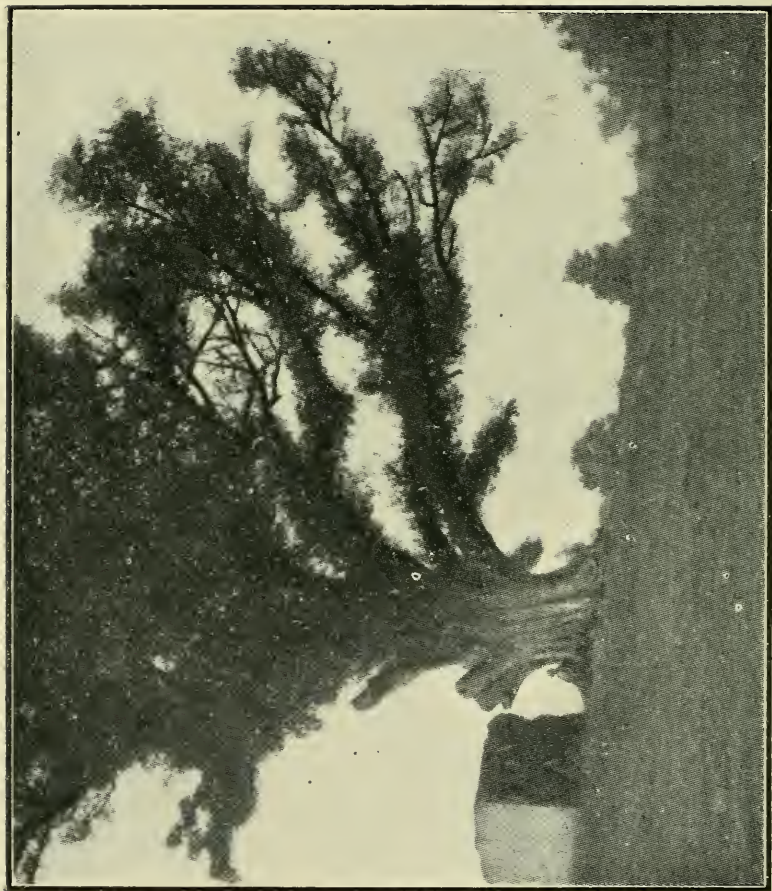
he made a good record, yet he was marked, rather for his general information and grasp of a subject, than for close scholarship. Thus he laid that splendid foundation for broad general scholarship, for which he was so well known in after years.

Lest, however, the reader carry away the impression that his scholarship in college was not of a high order, let Prof. Whitlock's testimony be heard. "His superior scholarship, great energy, studious habits, quick insight into human nature, etc., will qualify him for teaching." But whether from the books to be mastered, the lectures in the class-rooms, his general reading, or on the streets, he was always eagerly seeking information. He read widely and with great discrimination. He was a close and careful observer of men and of events. He gathered treasures of knowledge from every source. A book casually picked up in a book-store or in a fellow missionary's library was not laid down, till his mind had been enriched with some new and worthy thought or bit of information from its pages. His acquaintance with literature was remarkable. It mattered little whether it was a story in a current magazine or a learned and highly technical article in the *Expositor*, whether one of the latest novels or a new work on systema-

tic theology, he seemed to derive equal pleasure from each.

His thirst for knowledge was insatiable and grew with the increase of his intellectual treasures. Nothing of human interest failed to interest him, a new sort of sweetmeat in the bazaar, a new discovery in science, a new movement in the educational, religious or social world or a new method of mission work, all instantly engaged his attention and enlisted his interest. He had the Midas touch that turns everything into gold, but his was the finer touch that transformed into the gold of useful knowledge. Every thing he saw or read or heard was made to add its contribution to his treasures. It mattered not whether the subject was some new device for filing papers or some new discovery in biblical archæology, he was instantly interested and rested not till he had learned all there was to be known about it.

The following topics, on which at various times he gave addresses and lectures, will give some notion of the range of his intellectual activities and of his scholarship: "The minor Prophets," "Job," "Revelation," "Evolution," "Biology and its relation to Christian Theism." "The Bible, its origin, character, inspiration," a series of lectures, "The religions of Egypt, of Assyria, of Greece and of Rome and the



REMAINS OF A BUDDHIST MONASTERY, SUPPOSED TO DATE
FROM THE FIRST CENTURY
(Bijnor District)

Religions of India," "Missionary Ideals of the Twentieth Century," "Higher Criticism," "Illustrated lectures on Rome, Italy, Japan, etc."

The spirit of investigation led him deeper into the philosophy and religious systems of the Hindus, than the ordinary missionary finds it possible to go. He not only wanted to be able to meet the educated on their own ground in discussions on questions of religion, but he was not satisfied to fight a religion, the leading tenets and fundamental principles of which he was not acquainted with. He sought, by every means, to acquaint himself with the religions and the customs of the people among whom his life's work was to be. He read and studied the sacred books. He talked with all classes of men, the pundits, the carpenter in his verandah, the cooly carrying his roll of bedding up the steep narrow mountain pathway; no source of information, however lowly, was to be despised. In this way, not only from books, but from the people on the streets, in the villages by the way side, he accumulated a remarkable collection of traditions, stories, folk-lore, knowledge of customs and practices. His manner toward the people was wonderfully confidence inspiring. Before they knew it, they would be talking about all sorts of things with a freedom that must have surprised

them. In illustration of this, Mrs. Mansell tells of a hot summer evening, when they could no longer endure the heat inside, and so decided to go out and sit on the grass. He preceded her by about ten minutes. By the time she had arrived, the old, blind, night watchman had told him at least three marvellous snake stories.

Language was one of his favorite studies and in this he excelled. While in the Seminary at Boston, he took up and pursued with vigour the study of Sanskrit, in order to more fully equip himself for his life work. He kept up 'his study of Greek to the end and, in a less degree, that of Hebrew. It has already been mentioned that, when but six years old, he could read the Bible in English, Hindi and Urdu. Finding that his father, in addition to these three languages, knew Latin and Hebrew, he shed tears of disappointment, when it was found that his father's Hebrew Grammar had been lost. When he and his sisters went to America, they were frequently called upon to sing Hindustani hymns and to recite Bible verses and other things in that tongue. It seems to have been something of a trial to them to be different from other boys and girls. At this period, they usually talked Hindustani with their parents and among themselves. But it is annoying to the ordinary boy, to be set

apart as a sort of prodigy, and the feeling of being different from other children led them to drop Hindustani and quickly pick up English, and thus they soon lost the use of what might be said to be their mother tongue.

After his return to India in 1889, Mansell took up with enthusiasm the study of the tongue of his childhood which, eighteen years before, he had ceased to use. The second Sunday after his arrival, he read the Scripture lesson in the Cawnpore Church in Hindustani. His progress was remarkably rapid and, by the time young missionaries were usually stammering in broken, halting language, made up largely of sentences without verbs or of imperative verbs without sentences, he was talking and preaching freely. He was not conscious of any help, in his study, from his early knowledge, but the fact, that he had once been familiar with it, made it easier for him to acquire that mastery of the vernacular for which he became famous. But he did not however depend on his readiness nor on his familiarity in childhood. There was no royal road to perfection in the use of the vernacular. He was a keen, enthusiastic student. He was ever on the look out for a new word and idiom, and his ever present note-book was full of new words and expressions with which his vocabulary was being constantly enriched and

perfected. His vocabulary was choice and large and included all the words usually heard in the speech of the more cultured, as well those used by the common people.

Such was his freedom and ease in the use of the vernacular, that it was doubtful, if he had been suddenly asked in what language he was speaking, whether he could have answered without an instant's hesitation. Although an impressive and edifying preacher in English, it was thought, by many of those who knew him best, that his sermons in Hindustani were yet more impressive and telling. So perfect were his accent and idiom, that when the speaker was not seen, it was not always easy to say, whether it was a foreigner or an Indian speaking.

As an interpreter, he was much in demand. This is a decisive test of one's mastery of a language. It requires great skill and readiness in the use of a language, to instantly and, without hesitation, clothe the thought and idiom of the West in the bright, beauteous garments of the East. In this he was at home. On one occasion, he excited the admiration of the whole Conference by reproducing in full an address by Dr. J. F. Goucher, taking only an occasional note to guide him. It was a remarkable achievement, both as a matter of memory and of translation.

It was his habit, if opportunity and time would permit, to keep in touch with every advance of scholarship and with every new phase of thought. He read the best books available on philosophy, theology and general literature and, even when books were not to be had, he made it a point to know the position of leading authorities of the day on their special lines of investigation. He acquired the habit in his Seminary days in Boston of knowing all the best books and writers on given subjects. He held, during his last two years in the Boston University School of Theology, the much coveted position of "book agent." It was his business to know all the newest books and where they could be had and to supply them to the students at a reduced rate. This put him in close touch with books and book sellers and, all through his life, he was an authority on books and authors. Did any one want to know the authorities on any given subject or to know what good books were available on it or what was the position of the best authorities with reference to it, he was generally referred to Mansell. His opinions and criticisms were much sought after. His information was broad and inclusive. He talked so easily and familiarly and, with such a manifest fulness and accuracy of knowledge, on an amazingly large variety of topics as to give

one the impression, that at some time he had made a careful and exhaustive study of that particular subject.

This sketch of the man of culture would be incomplete were no reference made to his unusually fine artistic tastes. His love for the beautiful, whether in sound, colour, form or spirit, was intense. He had no mean talent in music. Like his father, he had a fine voice, which made him an effective leader of the singing of great congregations and his services, much in demand for occasions, when the singing was a special feature.

From his mother, who was endowed with marked musical ability, he doubtless inherited his gift of musical improvisation. He gave much pleasure to his friends by his use of several musical instruments, but few of them, however, heard him in his happiest moments at the piano or organ. At times, when he needed relaxation and when the mood was on him, the favoured few were charmed by the music which flowed, remembered or created, from his expressive fingers, reminding one of beautiful classical music, for which he possessed an educated ear and discriminating taste.

Like his other gifts, this was used "to minister," as is shown by a characteristic incident which

occurred a few months before his passing. A large assembly of children had gathered to witness a display of pictures, but, after long waiting, it was evident that the man who had promised to show them would not come. Though even then weak, to save the children from utter disappointment, he walked home, fetched a small musical instrument and played merrily for them, till they were all happy and satisfied.

His love of pictures was such that the coveted opportunities, afforded by furlough journeys, of visiting some of the famous art galleries of Europe, gave him unlimited pleasure. His eye, however, was as discriminating as his ear, and his enjoyment of the pictures, which appealed most strongly to his aesthetic taste, was so great and his memory of them so vivid, that he loved to discuss them afterwards with friends of similar tastes and opportunities. All about him in his home, on the walls, on his desk and in his books, were traces of his keen love for beautiful pictures. In his photography, taken up as a part of his mission work, his artistic eye and taste were an invaluable aid and many beautiful gems are found among his collection of amateur photographs.

CHAPTER IX

THE PREACHER

ALTHOUGH William A. Mansell possessed a splendid array of gifts and could do a vast number of things better than most people, he was pre-eminently a preacher. For this he was fitted by nature, grace and training. It is doubtful if he could have remembered, when he first began to preach. Once, when asked when he was first called to the ministry, he laughingly replied, "I think it must have been when I was about a year and a half old."

When yet hardly able to speak distinctly, he and Hettie began to hold meetings with the Christian children in the compound at Pauri and he, with great fervor, exhorted them to be good. They kept up this custom as long as they remained in India. Soon after their arrival in the home land, he began to help conduct Sunday schools and class meetings. As a child, he loved to preach and this love for the work of the ministry grew with the years, and with his increasing ability in the exercise of the gift that was in him, until it became a master passion

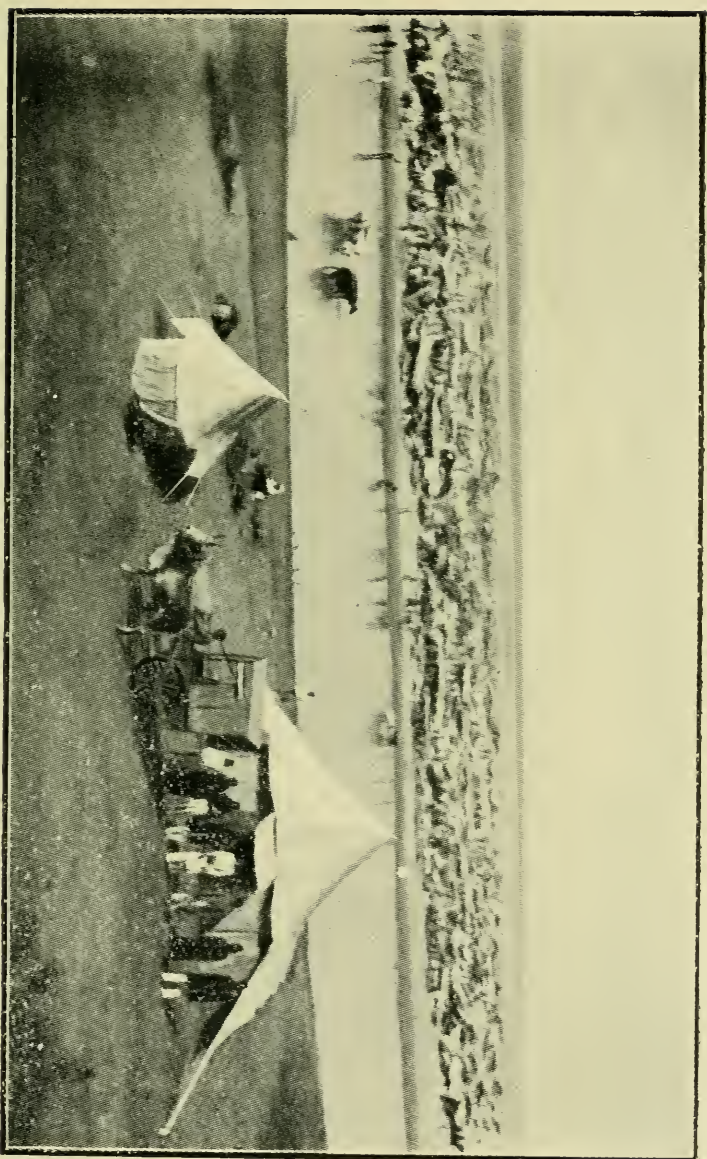
with him. If the choice had at any time been, between eating a good meal when hungry and an opportunity to preach the Gospel to hungry souls, he would, without a moment's hesitation, have followed in the footsteps of his Master, who forgot his own hunger and weariness in the delight of giving the water of life to a famished soul. To his wondering disciples, he said in explanation, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work." The late Dr. Cuyler, on the occasion of the jubilee of his ministry, speaking of the unfailing delight that his ministry had been to him, said, "I would not stoop to pick up a crown." So exalted was his estimate of the ministry to which God had called him.

While yet in his teens, Mansell was often found in the pulpits of the village churches in and around Delaware and, not infrequently, in that of the East Delaware Church. Soon after going to Boston, he obtained a student charge at Rockland, Mass. and later was transferred to a yet better charge at Nahant on the sea coast, where he remained till he was ready to sail to India. In both of these charges he is still fondly remembered.

No sooner had he landed in Bombay, than he was taken possession of by the resident mission-

ary, hurried off to breakfast and thence to one of the English churches, so that, within two hours of the time he first set foot on Indian soil, he was in the pulpit delivering his first message in the land to which his life had been dedicated. His special department in the College in Lucknow was Philosophy and English Literature. Strange to say, the one thing that had tempted him to remain at home, was his desire to teach Philosophy and now, the first work assigned him in India was just along the line of his special choice. Thus does God recompense those who obey. But, absorbing as the young missionary found the work of his department, his ardent soul was not satisfied to confine its energies to the class room. He soon began to organize the students into bands, and they, along with the preachers, went out into the bazaars and *melas*, to carry the Gospel to the crowds that never see the inside of any church. He was particularly fortunate in those days in having, among the preachers, Philip Andrews who was one of the ablest and most resourceful of our Indian open-air preachers.

Mansell's natural aptitude for bazaar preaching and the delight he took in it proved him to be a worthy son of a worthy father. Only one who has long been separated from home and the children he loves so well, can realize



BAND OF WORKERS AT A HINDU MELA ON THE GANGES
(Darunagar, Bijnor District)

the tremendous eagerness of Dr. Henry Mansell to meet and welcome his missionary son. The days dragged as the time drew near. At last, the eager father heard that his son had landed and was speeding northward to meet him. The hours that must elapse, ere he could greet his son, proved to be too tedious, and he determined to make them fewer by going down the line some distance. Accordingly he took the train from Cawnpur, where he was living, and got off at Orai, where the Bombay train would make its last stop before reaching Cawnpur. He had a wait of two hours. The bazaar with its surging crowd of unshepherded souls was near: there was no one here to tell them the Gospel story: what an opportunity to put in some good work for the Master! Dr. Henry Mansell was not the man to let such an opportunity pass unimproved. The work was absorbing, the crowd was large and listened well: the preacher was having a good time. The train bearing his son, came, stopped and passed on. Many hours later, the son whom he had not seen for years, welcomed the belated father at the Cawnpur railway station, on his return. With such an inheritance, it is not strange that the jostling, surging crowds of the market places and the great *melas* had such a fascination for him.

Open air preaching makes a large demand on the ability, tactfulness and ready wit of the preacher. Many a preacher, otherwise a man of power, has been put to rout and become the object of the coarse jokes and jeers of the crowd, for want of these qualities. Mansell did not need to stop preaching, in order to "sing up a crowd." There was that about his manner and his message, that made men want to hear him to the end. His preaching was interlarded with quotations from the Word as well as from their own sacred books. Sometimes he would vary the method and, at the end of an impassioned appeal, would sing a native air or quote some couplet from their own poets, to their great delight. He never allowed himself to be drawn into a discussion nor did he weaken his own cause by ridiculing their faith or by making insulting references to the weaknesses of their gods or to those of Mohammed. He had a better Book to preach and a better Christ to unveil before them. When the preacher has the unsearchable riches of the Savior of men, to set forth, he has a theme, large enough for any audience and sufficiently inexhaustible for the most learned preacher.

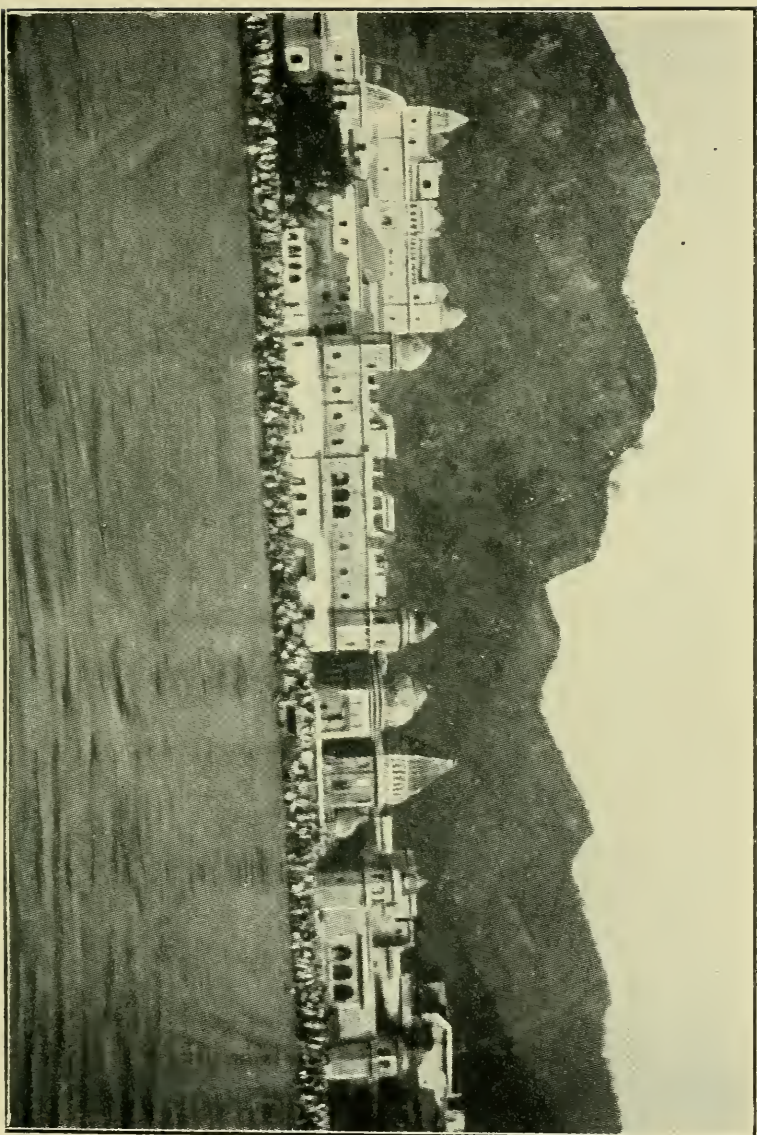
An open air preacher must be perfect master of himself. He must expect to encounter every

form of annoying interruption that the fertile minds of his hearers can devise. With a cunning almost satanic, they can lay traps for the feet of the unwary preacher. Keen questions are shot at him, as bullets from a machine gun, and he must be able to parry or answer with perfect self-control, without losing the thread of his discourse and without any show of annoyance. To lose his temper is fatal and would be but to play into the hands of the enemy. Referring to such experiences, the present Metropolitan of India, who was, in his earlier days, an enthusiastic bazaar preacher, said in the writer's hearing, "I do not know how much good my bazaar preaching may have done to others, but this I know, it has been of the greatest value to me. After years of self-discipline, I can listen to the most insulting and blasphemous statements against my religion and my Christ and maintain, through it all, an unruffled temper. Nay, I can smile into the face of the most insulting blasphemer." Mansell's ability in this form of missionary work was so well known, that, when the plans were being made for the World's Convention of Christian Endeavour in Agra in 1910, in which bazaar preaching was to be made a special feature, although he was not a member of the Endeavour Society, yet the committee of arrange-

ments asked him to take charge of that department of work, during the Convention.

Whether preaching in the market places to the idle, curious throng, or in the great *melas*, where thousands congregate, animated by many motives, religious and otherwise, whether in the presence of the subtle pundit or the agumentative, unscrupulous Arya Samajist, ever on the lookout for a joint in the armor of his opponent, or in the mud village, sitting on the dirty bed, surrounded by a company of dirty, ragged hearers, so low in the scale, mentally and spiritually and too often, alas! morally, that they "have to reach up to touch the bottom," he was at home, and ever ready with a pertinent message.

"He was a born preacher," was the testimony of one who knew him well. Yet it must not be inferred that he depended on his gift of ready speech, in place of careful preparation. It was said of him, that he might be wakened up in the middle of the night and told that an audience was waiting for him and that, by the time a hasty toilet was made, the sermon also would be ready. He was never unprepared. Though it was his habit to make careful preparation, yet this was done in his own way. He was rarely seen in his study, "getting ready to preach," as other men get ready. He might write a dozen lines before going



“SACRED” HARDWAR AT THE MOUNTAIN EXIT OF THE GANGES

into a pulpit. His mind was always working on some theme or themes, consciously or unconsciously. The material, with which his mind was so well and so systematically stored, was gathering about the subject, arranging itself in an orderly form and the sermon was taking shape, ready for delivery.

He did little special reading, beyond assuring himself that he had the right interpretation of the text. On this point, he was particular. In his early days, the writer heard him say, "The thought that I might be led to wrongly interpret God's message to his people, fills me with a great fear."

Preaching was his "fad," if we might so speak of such a sacred calling. It was the rule of his life never to seek for, and never to refuse an invitation to preach, unless it took him away from work and thus interfered with more important duties. Writing to Dr. Parker of the joys he had in thus serving his Master, he said, "I have spoken at three meetings and had a good time in delivering the message. Forgot all about the pain when I was preaching. (There had been a slight return of his old enemy, the rheumatic fever.) I tell you it is a grand thing to get up before a great audience and get them under one's control, while speaking for

the Lord. I know of nothing in this world so inspiring." The occasion referred to was a great camp meeting of Indian Christians.

The programmes of the District Conferences and camp meetings were not complete, if they did not include his name. One of the first questions on the part of the Indian people, on these occasions, as they were discussing the programme, was, "Will Mansell *sahib* be here?" The following, taken at random from diaries, will show how greatly his services were in demand, "August 8, Muttra Summer School. Spoke four times in two days. October 24, at Dasehra at Lucknow. Spoke five times; not well at night; returned home early next morning. October 28, at the Moradabad District Conference. November 9-16, at the Bareilly (his own) District Conference. November 19-24, at the World's Christian Endeavour Convention at Agra."

His style of preaching was largely expository. In this he excelled. He was specially happy in handling some of the more difficult and obscure passages from the prophets and from Revelation. His treatment made them luminous and revealed in them unsuspected treasures. Self was utterly eliminated. He lost sight of every thing save the great truth that filled his soul and was struggling for utterance. Preaching with him

was not merely the delivering of a prepared sermon, but rather the getting into the grip of some great thought and then making his hearers see it and feel toward it, as did the speaker.

His voice was agreeable and restful. His pulpit manners and gesture were always graceful ; his language, choice, but you never noticed or thought of these things until afterwards. You were so taken up with the message that you gave little thought to the personality of the messenger. It was like riding on a smoothly running, noiseless railway carriage. You hardly realized that you were not sitting in your room. You gave no thought to the tremendous speed at which you were going, till you suddenly found yourself at your destination. The ideal voice is never heard, the ideal gesture is never seen, the ideal diction is the one you do not notice. The ideal preacher never intrudes himself on the consciousness of his hearers. Under the preaching of the ideal preacher, the hearer hears and sees " no man, save Jesus only."

At times he attained heights of eloquence, especially in the Hindustani language. He made no effort to be eloquent, but rather avoided oratorical effect. He had no use for oratorical tricks. His style was simple and direct. He had the power of creating a spiritual atmosphere.

He never antagonized, no matter how unsparing his denunciations. His sincerity, his smile disarmed anger and antagonism.

What was the secret of his power as a preacher? He loved God and man passionately. He walked humbly with God. He was familiar with literature and results of scholarship. His manner and utterance were easy and graceful. His sermons were well thought out and full of spiritual food. But, aside from all these and back of all these, was the man. He had that "queen of graces," humility. "Preaching," says "a prince of preachers," "is a matter of manhood. The sermon depends on the mass of the man." Whatever his message to others, to whatever heights of Christian character he exhorted them to attain, there was the conviction that the preacher's own life was on a yet higher level. Greater and better than any thing he ever said or did, was the preacher himself. Bishop Warne, writing of him, aptly says, "There was an 'unexpressed, inexpressible' something in the soul of the man which was 'taller than his height, broader than his shoulders, handsomer than his profile' and greater than his words."

CHAPTER X

MANSELL AND HIS INDIAN BRETHREN

SONS of Indian Christians had been Will Mansell's chief playmates in childhood and he had then learned to love them. This love deepened with fuller acquaintance. The mission house in Pauri is closely connected with the compound where the Indian workers live and the missionary boy never lacked dusky little playmates. Thus in childhood began that close bond of fellowship and brotherhood which bound him closely to the children of the East.

In the letter, which at six years he dictated to his father, for his grandfather, we find one sentence which furnished the key to his relationship to the people of India and which contains the secret of their love for him. He says, "All the preachers are nice and they does preach nice." Here, in this simple boyish sentence, are to be found some of the secrets of his success as a missionary and of the extraordinary hold he had on the hearts of his Indian brethren. This sentence contains the germ of his attitude toward them during his whole life and might be

expanded to cover all his relation to them and his feeling for them. There is first genuine love. The sentence rings true ; it came from the innermost recesses of his childish, guileless heart. They felt this love ; knew that it was without dissimulation ; its warmth and spontaneity touched them and they generously responded to it. Not more surely does the plant respond to the genial sunshine and bring forth all its strength and fragrance and beauty and lay them in glad tribute before the sun, than does the heart of India respond to love.

There is, in this sentence, appreciation also : "They does preach nice." Again we see, in germ, that quality which afterwards was so fully developed in his dealings with his people and his fellow workers. He appreciated every thing that was done for him personally, as well as all that men and women tried to do in their service. No honest effort, inspired by a worthy motive, lacked appreciation ; it mattered not how poorly it may have been performed ; a word of praise made the man do it better the next time. No deserving effort lacked the fitting word of appreciation from his lips. There are hundreds of men who are better preachers, better workers, better men because of the encouragement their first faltering efforts received from Mansell. He was not unmind-

ful of faults, but these did not blind him to merit. These are some of the causes that endeared him to his Indian people and, how warm was their love for him, some of the following quotations will show. "He won the hearts of the Indians by his genuine love for them, love that found expression in deeds, as well as in words." The writer goes on to tell of Mansell's great kindness during the last illness of his sister, a girl of beautiful, saintly life. Just before going on a journey of some days, he went to call on the family and to say goodbye to the Indian girl whom he never again expected to see in this world. In parting, he took her thin wasted hand in his and asked leave, to kiss it as an elder brother. The writer adds, "From then we began to look on and love Dr. Mansell as a member of our family. To-day we mourn the loss, as if a member of our own family had been taken." A preacher will never forget to his dying day how, when his son who had been in School under Mansell, lay in his coffin, having died of small-pox, he, not merely looked upon him as he passed by, but, stooping down, he passed his hand over the cold brow, for, in him, love and sympathy were greater than fear. On one occasion, when Mansell was travelling by train between Bijpor and Bareilly, he was met, at a little wayside station, by one of his Indian workers and his wife.

They had with them a little boy of some three or four years. The child, seeing the joyful greeting which each gave the other, was greatly impressed and, turning to his mother, asked, in a whisper, "Is he our *mamu* (uncle)? Thinking that the child might be making some remark about him, Mansell asked what the child had said. On being told, he was delighted and getting out of the carriage, he took the little fellow up in his arms and patting him affectionately, said: "You must not call me *mamu*. Call me *bhaiya*" (brother). How could children or their parents help loving such a man? An Indian minister, after describing in graceful Hindustani, full of flowers and figures, the beauty and charm of which are lost when put into the more sober and matter-of-fact language of the West, Mansell's love and brotherliness that made them all feel that the East and the West could freely mingle together, says, "All this shows that he had confidence in the Indians and was always glad to see them making progress and remaining steadfast in the grace of God. My own experience with him and testimony concerning him is, that his friendship and conversation were sweet like honey and that his words took deep root in the soul. And the reason for it was that there was ever a beautiful harmony between his

words and his life. That, which he uttered from the pulpit, he lived every day." Truly this is an enviable record. Another, who had been a close fellow worker with him for five years, writes, "Dr. Mansell, for beauty and transperence of character, was like the precious diamond. There are few like him. His sympathy and love have made an ineffaceable impression on my heart. He had this great virtue that he never forgot a friend. Years might intervene, but his love, once given, suffered no loss by separation." He then goes on to say how Mansell, shortly before his death, had asked him to bring his family and spend a week with him. One of the senior Indian members of the Conference, in a prayer on the Conference floor for Mansell's recovery, said, "O Lord hast Thou not many angels in heaven who serve and adore Thee night and day? Why dost Thou desire to take from us this one that we have?" He was loved by his people, because he loved his people. He was one with them in life and he did not wish to be separated from them in death for it was his desire that his body lie, not in the English, but in the Hindustani cemetery among his brethren.

It must not be inferred, however, that Mansell saw good and good only in his brethren. That would mean neither more nor less than a hope-

lessly corrupted ideal. The good that existed did not blind him to the faults that needed to be dragged out to the light and neither Indians nor missionaries had a more unsparing critic when criticisms were needed. But his criticisms were inspired by a motive, so exalted, that one was grateful, rather than offended, and trusted him more than ever. An interesting illustration of this recently occurred. In his earlier days he was compelled, on account of the gross immorality of a prominent preacher, to institute an investigation which resulted in the surrender of his papers. This man went to another mission and began anew. After years of work, he had in a measure restored confidence and so far as was possible, had atoned for the past, and, when a particular occasion arose, when he needed the aid of a friendly hand, he naturally turned to the one whose action had led to his expulsion, well knowing that a man, who could with such flaming indignation fight sin, could be counted on to befriend the repentant sinner. He had that rare combination of tact, sympathy and friendliness that made it possible for him to say plain, unvarnished things to those who were in the wrong and, so genuine were his motives that, far from being alienated, the man felt himself to be under a new debt of obligation.

In the Theological Seminary, the students looked upon him as a saint and father and, as such, listened to and loved him. It was the habit of his ministry to live near to the people ; he loved to be in their homes, to eat of their food, to play with their children, to join with them at the throne of grace. Beggars, whom he thought worthy of a little help, received, along with the gift, a bright cheery word, a pleasant smile, a touch of the hand, no matter how dirty and disreputable they might be, all of which made the gift, the smallest part of the benefit received, for a gift may be conferred in such an ungracious manner that the recipient goes away with a wound in his heart and feels himself to be less a man for the charity conferred. Mansell not only gave gifts but, with these gifts, was a Christlike graciousness that made the gift seem insignificant in comparison. When baptizing children, it was his invariable custom to take them tenderly in his arms, undeterred by rags and dirt and nakedness.

During the last year of his life, an old Christian woman from the city, to whom he had been particularly kind, came regularly every Sunday morning and sat on the veranda of his house to bask in the sunshine of his smile and to hear his "God bless you" and to have him address her as *mamaji*.

In his association with his fellow-workers, whether as District Superintendent or as Principal of the Seminary, Mansell was particularly careful to avoid two evils. As he went about the work, he made his men feel that he came not in the capacity of an overseer or inspector, but as a fellow-worker. He wanted them to feel that in him they had not merely one who had come to ascertain the character of the work only, its good and bad points, the fidelity or lack of it on the part of the man in charge, but, while he might do all these, he came as a fellow-worker ; as one who was there not to " see " work merely, but to work along with them. To fall into the habit of going to " see " work is easy, whether on the part of the missionary or the Indian worker, and is not conducive to the best work.

The other evil, that he sedulously avoided, was the temptation to regard himself as master or boss. The Hindustani word *malik* conveys the notion. He was a leader, not a master. He had no wish to be a master and could not bear to have the word used to designate his official relation to his men. He preferred to use the word, come, rather than, go. This spirit finds expression in an incident that took place once in Bijnor, when the workers were all gathered for some special meetings. As there was much sickness that autumn



MANSELL IN INDIAN COSTUME

among them, the following, effective plan was employed, to build them up physically. Every morning after the devotional service, two large, earthenware vessels, containing an effusion of *chiretta*, a very good, but very bitter, tonic, were brought to the front, on each side of the house, one for the men and one for the women. Each brought his own cup, for a common drinking cup is unknown in India. Many were the objections to this bitter drink, but the rule was that all must partake, unless excused by the doctor. Mansell himself, though not in need of the dose, set the example by taking a drink every morning of that which he required his workers to take.

He won the hearts of the Indian people to a degree not often reached by foreigners. The Indian is sensitive and shy and his confidence is not readily given to men of another nationality. He will quickly receive them into the outer court of his life, but it is only, after he is fully assured of their love, and after they have fully won his confidence, that they are admitted into the inner court of his friendship and confidence. The naturalist, before he can hope to make any progress in his study of the animal world, must know it, must love it and put himself into perfect harmony with it, till at last he has, after a long probation, overcome its shyness and won its confi-

dence. Then, and only then, will it reward him by taking him into its confidence and revealing its inner life. It is so with mankind, and nowhere more so than with the people of India. The foreigner is received on probation and often gets no further. But, with Mansell, it was different. Assured of the genuineness of his love, of the purity of his motives, of the depth of his sympathy, India opened her heart to him and rewarded him with her confidence and trust and gladly opened the doors of the inner chamber to admit him into her deeper life. Every member of the community felt that, in his death, he had been personally bereaved.

CHAPTER XI

WORK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

AT no point in a man's missionary career, do his natural endowments and the spirit that actuates him count for more, than in his work among young people. It does not follow, because a man is appointed to work among the young, or because he makes up his mind to undertake such a work, that he will succeed in it. A compelling sense of duty and a firm determination will carry one far in this, as in other lines of effort, but real success is only for the one who is mentally and spiritually endowed in a way to make an adequate appeal to youth.

Mansell's success in his work for young people began with the year, when he began his missionary life in India, and was unbroken throughout his career. No one succeeded better than he, because no one was more richly endowed for such work. Both in temperament and in gifts, he had rare fitness for this supremely important service. Chief among his qualifications was his large and warm heart. He loved children naturally and heartily, and they knew it. It is a beautiful picture that one of his oldest

friends in India gives of him in the following words, "The other day, he was coming across to address a meeting in our school ; it was a difficult matter for him to get along, the little boys and girls of the compound were clinging to his coat, before and behind, and two or three had hold of his stick. Inside the orphanage, ten or twelve of the small girls were playing with him at once, and, in the meeting, he had the best attention from two hundred of the girls." This is a picture that all his intimate friends can duplicate, and it illustrates, not only the love he had for the little folk, but also the essential charm of his personality for them. Another, writing of him, says, "He seemed to know intuitively what children liked, what babies wanted, what little children could talk about. He could engage street urchins in most interesting conversation. Little babies always trusted him at sight and went to him. Many a time the father could scarcely coax the baby away." It was natural for them to like to be near him, for there was no mistaking his own evident, genuine pleasure in having them around him.

There were other things in Mansell's nature that drew the children to him. Boys and girls everywhere enjoy fun, and here was a man running over with it. It was easy for him to laugh,

and almost impossible to keep from smiling. He saw all the funny things, exactly those things that struck the humorous element in his young friends. It was good to hear him laugh, and good to laugh with him. Then, again, the enthusiasm of his nature appealed to young people. He did heartily everything he undertook, and his enthusiasm was so spontaneous and natural that it was contagious. Add to these things the fact that he was absolutely natural with young people, and one can further understand the fascination his personality had for them. There was between him and them no gulf nor did he have to condescend to them. He lived in the atmosphere of childhood; he had become like a child in his simplicity, his trustfulness, his wonder at the beautiful and strange things all about him. He was larger than his little friends, but they recognised in him a real kinship of spirit.

Such was the equipment with which Mansell entered upon his work among the young people of this land. Nor was it a work essentially new to him. From the study of his boyhood and of his work in America, as student, teacher and young preacher, we have seen that he had been at it most of his life. So it was only to be expected that in India he would throw himself heartily into every form of work for and among the young.

On his arrival in India, Mansell found a congenial sphere of labor in the College, with its scores of boys. For them he did all that could be expected, even of one of his spirit and vision, but he did not confine his efforts to his own boys. He entered with enthusiasm upon the work of the English Church among the young people, and was a leader immediately in the new chapter of the Epworth League that was established in the Lucknow Hindustani Church in 1890. In this connection, he became the leader of the "Band of Ready Workers," made up from among members of the chapter who wished to help in direct, evangelistic work in the city. His editorial work on "India's Young Folks" and the Indian Epworth Herald, already referred to, was an important contribution, on his part, to the work of our mission among the young, and prepared him for still larger service.

The important work of the Epworth League in India owes much to his wisdom and labors. From first to last, he was one on whom all counted for help in this great department of our Church activity. Thus it came about that he was the one chosen to succeed Bishop Warne and Bishop J. W. Robinson, as Secretary of the Epworth League for India. This was, in addition to the work of his regular appointment,



UNITED COUNCIL ON WORK AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE IN
INDIA (1908)

Front row, left to right.—Rev. Dr. J. A. Graham, Rev. Dr. J. P. Jones, Rev. Dr. A. H. Fwing, Rev. Dr. W. A. Mansell, Mr. Harry Wade Hicks.

Second row.—Mr. J. N. Targuhai, Rev. H. Halliwell, Mr. J. P. Cotelingham, Rev. Wheeler Boggess, Rev. Brenton, T. Badley.

Third row.—Rev. T. S. Donohugh, Mr. Geo. S. Ingram, Rev. R. Burges.

but he gave of his time and energy to the work without stint. For seven years, he carried on this responsible work with consecration and thoroughness and marked ability, and the Epworth League in India is very much richer to-day, because W. A. Mansell built into it much of the strength and sweetness of his own life. He was still secretary, when, in 1907, the Jubilee of our mission in India was celebrated at Bareilly, and it was he who organised that wonderful procession of the Epworth League that brought three thousand Christian people of ours into the marching line, and made a deeper impression upon the many American visitors than possibly anything else in that wonderful celebration.

But Mansell's work for the youth of India was not confined to his own mission. He easily ranked as one of the great leaders in this line of work in India, and his service is of permanent value to the cause. He, very early in his career, identified himself with the work of the Sunday School Union and remained a staunch friend of this organisation to the end of his life. Though himself not connected with the Christian Endeavor Society, he gladly joined in its work and, on such occasions as Joint Conventions, when the young people of all such Societies were present, he rendered valuable service to the cause of all.

In the year 1896, when Dr. J. R. Mott visited India in the interests of the Student Movement, Mansell was one of the men who met with Dr. Mott at Madras, when the Student Volunteer Movement of this country was inaugurated. The significance of the work there done, now nearly twenty years ago, has become increasingly apparent with the years, and it was only natural that Mansell should have had his share in its inception. His interest in this work, in the years since the Madras meeting, was evinced by an active participation in every kind of work pertaining to the welfare and advancement of Christian students.

In 1907, as an outcome of the great revival that had swept through our schools in this land about that time, a fresh impetus was given to the work among the young people in North India generally. A representative meeting of missionaries of all the denominations was convened at Fatehpur, U.P., to consider the many problems related to this work. Though scarcely realised at the time, this was one of the most significant and important gatherings we have ever had in this part of India. The work done and the plans made there covered the whole sphere of Christian activities in behalf of the youth of the Christian community, with special reference to Bible Study, Mission Study,

Temperance, Social Purity and the training of leaders. Mansell's share in the work of those days was very large. He presided a part of the time, and read the paper on the subject of Temperance. In all the discussions, his experience, breadth of vision and fine spirit were invaluable, and, on the last day, when three permanent committees were created to conserve the work done and carry out the plans made, he was made Convener of the important committee on the training of leaders. Thus came into existence the movement that led to the formation of the United Council on Work among Young People in India, of which Mansell remained a member of the Executive Committee to the end.

These varied activities and responsibilities, and many others that might be mentioned in this connection, indicate the important contribution that Dr. Mansell made to the cause of the Christian youth of India. These things all represented extra work, adding heavy burdens to one who was already heavily loaded with responsible duties. They were cheerfully borne by him, for he realised that no work was more important or fraught with greater possibilities.

It is not sufficient, however, just to record the labors and achievements of one who was so signally successful in his work. For those who

follow him, it is still more important to understand how he was enabled to accomplish so much. It is worth our while to try to discover the secret of his success.

There are a number of elements that contributed to give Mansell such marked success in his work for young people. One of these, his striking personality, has been referred to in the beginning of this chapter. Let us now look at some of the others.

Mansell not only loved and attracted the young people, but he thoroughly believed in them. They knew this, and, in consequence, they often rose to the occasion and accomplished what they certainly would not otherwise have done. His conviction in this was always apparent, but we may cite here his words spoken at a missionary conference in Battle Creek, Michigan, when he read a paper on "The Capacity of Indian Youth for Christian Service." He said on that occasion, "The capacity of Indian youth for Christian service is as great as the great throbbing heart of India. Think what India has been able to endure through its misconception of devotion to its gods. But when those misconceptions are righted, and when India understands who its God is and what this God wants, all India will be ready to serve to the uttermost Him whom the people

of India will love with a devotion that cannot be overmatched by that of any country in all the wide world." This real faith in the people, and an unchanging optimism as to the ultimate outcome, could but draw them to him and call forth from them the very best they could do.

Along with this, Mansell had genuine ability for such work. His work was careful and efficient, and his efforts unwearying. The force of his own example, in his unceasing diligence and thorough care, was always a great factor in the influence he commanded and the successes he achieved.

To these things, we should add a marked spirit of progressiveness. He studied conditions and sought to keep abreast of such changes as are inevitable in all lands. This made his work as valuable in the "new" India of our own time as it was in the India of the early nineties, when he took up his task in this land.

No man can accomplish a really great work without *vision*. Those who knew Mansell are aware that this ability to see ahead was a part of his equipment for the great work he was able to do for India's young people. He had been in this land only three years when the Decennial Conference of 1892 convened in Bombay. On that occasion, in the discussion on "Education as a Mission Agency," he said, "Who can say that

the time is not soon coming, when our colleges will be filled with Christian students, and those who are not Christian will come to look upon it as a foregone conclusion that they too must join the community of Christians?" These words were spoken over twenty years ago, at a time when many Christian institutions, now large and highly developed, had not yet come into existence or were in their day of small things. The words show the vision of the man at the very outset of his career.

But all these qualifications were insufficient in themselves to explain his influence or account for his success among the youth of this land. Mansell knew the source of real power and lived a life of prayer. He wrought the exquisite and invaluable workmanship of his life in the atmosphere of communion with God. He brought down into his study, into his class-room, into large convention halls or into the distant places of his many itineraries a power liberated by holy hands lifted in prayer to Heaven, by unfailing dependence on the Unseen Presence with whom he held communion. He could not have labored so successfully had he not prayed so well.

And so it came about that the life of W. A. Mansell entered so largely into the very successful work that has been accomplished in behalf

of India's young people, and these few pages explain, all too imperfectly, the marvellous influence of his rare life. Nor is the permanence of his work for the young people he so ardently loved dependent upon the continuance of the institutions through which he worked. When the outward forms of all such organisations have vanished, when there remains no vestige of the materials by means of which he wrought, the life of this servant of God, this great friend and lover of young India, will still radiate the wonderful influence that silently and ceaselessly streamed from him. The young men and women whom he touched will never forget the healing, the transforming, the inspiring power of that touch, for upon them, through him, was the touch of God.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE INNER CIRCLE

HIS nature was warm-hearted and affectionate.

His heart was large and his love took in all men, but his love for his family and intimates glowed and shone. It was a privilege to belong to the larger circle of his friends ; it was an unfailing joy and delight to be numbered among those of the inner circle. His warm-hearted, unaffected love radiated from his acts and words, written or spoken. You felt it in the hand grasp of welcome and in the beaming smile with which he greeted you. When he said, "I am glad to see you," you felt in your inmost heart that he spoke the truth. His large heart was ever expanding to give room to his ever enlarging circle of friends and the old ones never had cause to feel that they were being crowded out by those newly admitted.

The death of his young mother, to whom he was deeply devoted, was a terrible blow to the boy of nine. All through life, the memory of her was a cherished treasure. His tender attachment to her and the sense of loss and bereavement in her death, as well as the fact that, early in life,

he formed the habit of finding in God his all-sufficient consolation, are shown in this extract from a letter to his father: "It is a year and an hour and a half since Mama died. Hettie and I went to the cemetery to see her grave. But she is better off now than if living. O Papa, I feel as if I could not live without Jesus." That the boy should have recalled, not only the day, but the hour and the moment of his mother's death, sets forth with pathetic tenderness, beyond the power of words, his feelings of loss and loneliness.

During the long years of separation, father and son kept in closest touch and the warmth of their love seemed to suffer no loss. Their letters were not merely formal greetings and inquiries about each other's health, with a few casual remarks on common-place topics. Both father and son wrote freely, intimately, each opening his heart to the other, each asking the other's help and advice and thus, though separated for eighteen years, with two furloughs on the part of the father, yet their relationship could not have been more perfect, had such a thing as long years of continuous separation, never been known. These separations of parents and children, of husband and wife are common and, for the most part, unavoidable to those who have heard and responded to the call to the foreign field. Per-

haps, nothing else in the whole round of missionary duties furnishes a severer test to one's loyalty to the call. An old missionary said to the writer recently, "A man, who has been called to the mission field and who has any grit, can get used to living without his children when he must, but they, in turn, sometimes get used to living without him and here is where it cuts deepest." But Will Mansell's nature was too affectionate to ever get used to living without his father, even though that companionship was confined to a "weekly visit" in the shape of a letter. In his veneration for his father, for his experience, his wisdom and his piety, he was a worthy example for all sons. After he came to India, they walked and talked together with a freedom and intimacy which, but for the inequality of years, suggested close chums. To the end, they never greeted each other or parted without a kiss. A father could not wish for a son more thoughtful and solicitous for his comfort and well being. The relation between them was beautiful to behold. The son not only delighted to see his father honored, but was yet more delighted to embrace every opportunity of honoring him. In the son's home, where the father spent most of the last ten years of his life, he never failed to find a welcome and a smile that never wore off.

The following poem may, perhaps, not measure up to the highest literary standard, but it leaves nothing to be desired, in the way of veneration and sincere admiration. It was written by Will Mansell, when he was twenty years old.

Thou who for half a century hast stood,
The paragon of all that's good,
I cannot praise thee rightly as I would—My Father,

We cannot count our lives by deeds alone,
Nor can we measure them till years have flown,
But love, with an immortal wreath, will crown—The
worthy.

The prayers of countless souls shall round thee cling,
The praise of hearts made glad shall for thee sing,
The love of favored friends shall to thee bring—Thy
laurels.

But not alone thou livest in humble fame,
The world of letters honours now thy name,
The world of mind is made, because he came—The
brighter.

Need I tell how thou liv'st within my heart ?
How all my high ambitions thou dost start ?
I daily thank my God because thou art—My Father.

Dishonor thee ! The thought forever perish !
Let not my father's son thy fair name blemish !
But let thy seed thy fame and honour cherish—Forever.

But there was another on whom he lavished an affection, scarcely less hearty than that he gave

his father. That man was "Uncle" Parker. Dr. Parker could hardly have loved his own son, had he had one, more heartily. He had loved Will from the time he was a baby and had followed his career with the deepest interest, and thought of him and treated him as his own son. Mansell, writing, after Bishop Parker's death, of his love for the man, says of himself, "There is a missionary boy to-day who is not ashamed to be reminded that he had to ascribe a dual personality to himself, saying stoutly, 'Me, two boys,' in order to make it possible, at the same time to be 'Uncle Parker's boy' and 'Papa's boy.' "

His home life was a model one. A more perfect companionship would be hard to find. It was a joy to be in the Mansell home. No wife could wish for greater consideration and tenderness from her husband. He never forgot to thank her for even the smallest favors. Years of married life did not cause him to neglect or omit those little courtesies that render love's early dream so delicious. After a few years, husbands are sometimes inclined to take these courtesies for granted or to think that they will not be missed by their wives. Mansell was a shining exception. He was always planning little pleasant surprises for his wife and his sufficient reward was her delight in these surprises.

One, who had for some days been a guest in their home, says, "Every detail of those happy days in your home comes back to me. You and Dr. Mansell were so one and there was such a sense of peace, goodness, united effort, united, perfect understanding pervading your home and every guest must always have felt it, as I did, a blessed thing to be with you." Bishop Warne says, "I well remember an incident in the Finance Committee meeting, when, on account of the state of Mrs. Mansell's health, the question of Dr. Mansell's going home on a protracted furlough came up for consideration. He was so much needed, that, how to spare him, was the problem. Well I remember saying to him aside, 'Can't you do like some of the rest of us have done and take your wife home and leave her there, until she fully recovers, and you return alone to your work? For a time there was silence; then, stirred with deep emotion and with moist eyes, he turned to me and said, 'Other men can leave their wives and be separated from them, but I cannot,' and the question was never brought before the Committee."

He was ever ready for all the offices of friendship. The motto of his life was, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and he lived it every one of the three hundred and sixty-five

days of the year. With him, it was no sentiment, merely to go on the labels for his books or for letter-head decoration, but a motto to be wrought out into daily life and action. But, while ready to do any thing for a friend, to go to any extent of self-sacrifice possible, to help him, yet his friends well knew that, unless they had right and justice on their side, the mere fact of friendship would never be sufficient to induce him to take up their cause and fight for them. When justice and right coincided with friendship, then they might expect in him a powerful advocate and champion, but not otherwise. Nor was he that false, cowardly friend who feared to point out the wrongness of the course of those whom he loved. He dared rebuke faults or oppose his best friends, when they acted foolishly. If a frank word needed to be spoken, if an unpleasant truth had to be told, the burden was frequently laid on him, because it was well known, that men would receive it from him and lay it to heart, as from few others, and, moreover, his frank, engaging manner of discharging the unpleasant duty made it impossible to take offence.

Even in his seminary days in Boston, his advice and sympathy were much sought. His room was a resort of those in need of counsel. Often the casual, student caller, about to enter the room,

softly closed the door and turned back, at the voice of prayer, as Mansell with some troubled soul sought the help of their divine Friend. It was natural and easy to go to him with one's troubles, for one was always sure of a sympathetic hearing and of wise advice. But he never showed any curiosity about the affairs of others, or any desire to know more than they chose to disclose. One, who for years was a fellow-worker in the same station, said that it made no difference how trivial was the matter about which his advice was asked ; he never made one feel that it was a small matter. Then, too, those who went to him with their troubles, knew that their confidence would be sacredly guarded. His mind and heart were the depositories of the confidences of many, but they never became the channels of outlet. Any thing told him in confidence was safe.

His door was never closed to those in sorrow, doubt or need. Had he not "come to minister" and to comfort and bind up the broken-hearted ? It was said of the great preacher Phillips Brooks, who, though dead, speaks through thousands of lives to-day, who was one of the busiest men in Boston and whose services were eagerly sought for from all quarters, that he never denied himself to the humblest caller. Mansell did not

remain long in a new place, till a pathway began to be worn to his study door. When visiting a District Conference or a public meeting, the workers could be seen, any time in the day, thronging his tent, surrounding him at the close of the meeting or waylaying him as he went about, to ask some favour, to get some word of sympathy and help, to have some troublesome doubt removed or to get light on some perplexing Scripture passage or, perhaps, to ask the best answer to some Arya or Muhammadan objection to Christianity.

He made friends quickly and kept them. A short conversation or visit, one of his hearty hand shakes or one of his winning smiles made one his friend for life. He had a delightful way of remembering birthdays and other anniversaries and always seemed to know just the right thing to send, a book, a picture, a card, a scene of his own taking, or perhaps it was just a pleasantly composed little note, always on his best stationery, but there was always some thing to remind one that he had not forgotten the occasion. When one went as a guest to his home, there, in the room, was an endless number of things, so arranged and placed with special regard to his particular taste, just as if, far from being one of the busiest of missionaries, he had nothing else to do, save to

consult one's taste and to provide things with special reference to one's comfort and pleasure. In your room, was your favorite book or magazine or picture or some particular convenience.

Bishop J. W. Robinson, who had laboured with him in closest fellowship for years, says, "My connection with him was that of friend and co-labourer. For many years we worked in Lucknow side by side; and what a worker he was! never too busy, to receive a friend or to stop to talk with those who sought him, he carried burdens that were crushing and did an amount of work that was astonishing. He was my close, personal friend and to-day I am able to look back over twenty-one years of friendship in which there was never a misunderstanding or an estrangement or friction. The memory of those years is to me a precious heritage. To work with him was a pleasure, to live with him, a benediction. Nor did he belong to the narrow-souled type, who have room in their hearts for but one friendship. That which maketh a man to be desired is his kindness and, drawn by that magnet, few indeed were they who came within the circle of his influence, who ever after did not count him as a friend. Those, who in his death mourn the loss of a close friend, are not confined to the missionary circle nor yet to the circle professing the

missionary's religion. In any group with which he mingled, joy always followed his coming, and, now that he will come among us no more on earth, the memory of his friendship will remain a sweet fragrance in our lives. The place in our hearts, left vacant by his going, will never be taken by another, for it will always remain sacred to a seldom realized ideal, a true man, a true friend and a true Christian.

The first time I saw my friend was twenty-one years ago, when he met me at the railway platform at Lucknow, with an outstretched hand and a smile on his face. The last time I saw him, he was smiling to hide the weariness that filled the day. So to me his whole life was a smile from which the beauty can never fade."

CHAPTER XIII

HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE

RELIGION was, to Mansell, the greatest fact in life. One could not be with him, if only for a few minutes, without being deeply impressed with the thought that here was one who belonged to the inner circle of the disciples. This religious nature manifested itself very early in his life. When he was but four years old, his father wrote of him, "Willie loves to pray," and again, "The children hold real prayer meetings." All his childhood letters are coloured by his religious aspirations and spiritual longings. Such expressions as, "Papa pray for me," and, "I want to be a better boy," occur with a frequency not usual at his tender age, and show how earnestly and truly the soul of the boy was reaching out to lay hold of the infinite One.

His conversion was real and clear cut. It made little outward difference, for he had never strayed into wrong ways or fallen into evil habits; nevertheless it was an epoch in his life. From that event onward, his intense longing for a better and more Christlike life, finds richer and fuller expression. His nature, essentially religious,

expressed itself in terms of religion. It did this naturally and spontaneously. There was not the slightest indication of a desire to seem more religious than other boys. There was no reaching out after effect or attempt to drag into his letters religious themes from a sense of duty, being the son of a missionary. To him it was just as natural and easy to write to his father about his deeper experiences and longings, as it was to talk about his studies or games or companions. Happy indeed that father to whom his boy naturally goes, to open his heart and speak freely on the things that matter most in a boy's life, sure of a sympathetic and helpful listener! Happy the boy, whose father thus so completely possesses his son's confidence that to him he goes freely to unbosom himself on those topics on which most boys are very reserved, on which many are dumb, in the presence of their parents. He knew that his father would understand and have the word of encouragement and sympathy that the lonely boy hungered for. On the day he joined the Church, he writes, "Papa, I am upstairs writing in the stillness of the Sabbath. This Sunday we (Hettie and he) joined the Church in full connection," and again, "I feel as if I couldn't live without Jesus," and, once more, "Papa, I am trying to lead a Christian life." Thus through all his boyish

letters, while we find him entering with eagerness and enthusiasm into all the fun and games with other boys, there was this soul hunger, this ardent aspiration after the things of the Spirit, that set him up on a plane higher than that attained by the average boy.

Never was there a truer illustration of the saying, "The boy is the father of the man." From such a childhood, much might be reasonably expected in mature manhood. Nor was this expectation disappointed. Perhaps no one phase of his life was more frequently referred to by friends after his death than this; "He was pre-eminently a spiritual man." "He was my ideal of what a spiritual man should be." "He walked with God." "He was truly a man of God." Religion with him was natural and wholesome and became the crowning grace of his character. He had a way of making religion seem not only the one thing worth while, but the most beautiful thing. It was easy to talk with him on religious topics and to go to him with one's difficulties and perplexities, with the assurance that one who lived in such close companionship with God, would have the longed-for, helpful word. His religious conversation was not relegated to the pulpit or to the pastoral visit alone, but it took its place along with other important topics and

it was easy and natural to glide from the one to the other. "Whether he shakes hands with you or welcomes you into his home or talks about the weather or tells a joke or takes a stand on the opposite side of a question, there was always a pervasive something, a spiritual element in his heartiness and kindness that made you aware of his being a man of God." Thus wrote one of his friends.

He said little, even to his closer friends, about his own inner life and experiences. They hardly knew what were his professions with reference to some of the higher phases of Christian experience, such as perfect love, entire sanctification, etc. But they well knew, whatever might be his professions with regard to these, he lived the life of one who daily was in the full enjoyment and blessedness of these experiences. His daily life and walk, his life of prayer and devotion, his dealings with all men, witnessed, in no uncertain tone, to a degree of spiritual attainment greater than any mere profession of it could make possible. Did he speak of love to God and love to man, the hearer felt himself to be in the presence of one in whom love was fully enthroned. Did he exhort men to holy lives, here was one whose abode was in the inner sanctuary. Did he urge men to live a life of prayer, here was

a man whose soul was fed in "the secret place of the Most High."

Obedience and devotion were the key words of his spiritual life. Obedience first and always, let the cost be what it may. Feelings counted for little; obedience was everything. Once the will of God was known, all else must give way. Absolute obedience to the will of God was the rule of his life, for his whole-hearted consecration, made in his College days, was final and included the surrender of everything that might arise in any possible experience, as soon as it presented itself. For many years, it was his custom to select some verse which should be the motto for the year and which should shape and mould his life and work for the year. We select two at random, "Obedience, the organ of spiritual knowledge." John 7: 17. The year he was appointed to the responsible work of the Theological Seminary, it was, "Surely, I will be with thee," and he adds the devout prayer, "Lord make me worthy of the fulfilment of this promise." His faith was simple and childlike. When about to preach, on one occasion, a friend expressed surprise that he had not spent more time in agonizing prayer before going into the pulpit. He replied "Certainly God will be with me and help me for I have complied with the conditions."

His religion was not of the Martha type which becomes so busy in planning for the Master's work and in serving Him, that it leaves no time to spend in adoring love and sitting at His feet ; so busy in carrying out His plans that there is no time to talk with Him ; no time to find out His will about them or to be sure that they are His plans. Nor was it of the ecstatic Mary type which becomes so absorbed in its adoring gaze on His face that it forgets that there are practical duties and that the discharge of these is also devotion. He took time to talk with His Master about His work, to find out His plans and methods and then went out from His presence to carry out the Divine will thus revealed.

It may be a surprise to those, who did not know him well, that he was not often found on his knees, as are many of the great men and women of prayer. With him prayer was less an attitude of body than of the soul. Victor Hugo says somewhere, "Whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul may always be on its knees." Such was the attitude of Mansell before his God.

He was always an eager Bible student, and explored the highways and byways of truth and rejoiced over the treasures found in the Word, as he that has come upon great spoil. He loved the Word and feasted his soul on its

beauties and fed on its truths and explored its depths for yet undiscovered jewels and, from its treasure house, was ever bringing forth "things new and old." He went to it for his own food, to find new beauties and new revelation of truth on which his soul might feed and not merely to get sermon material. But in these daily excursions into God's storehouse, he not only came forth with a soul enriched and fed but with his hands filled with riches and spiritual food for the multitude.

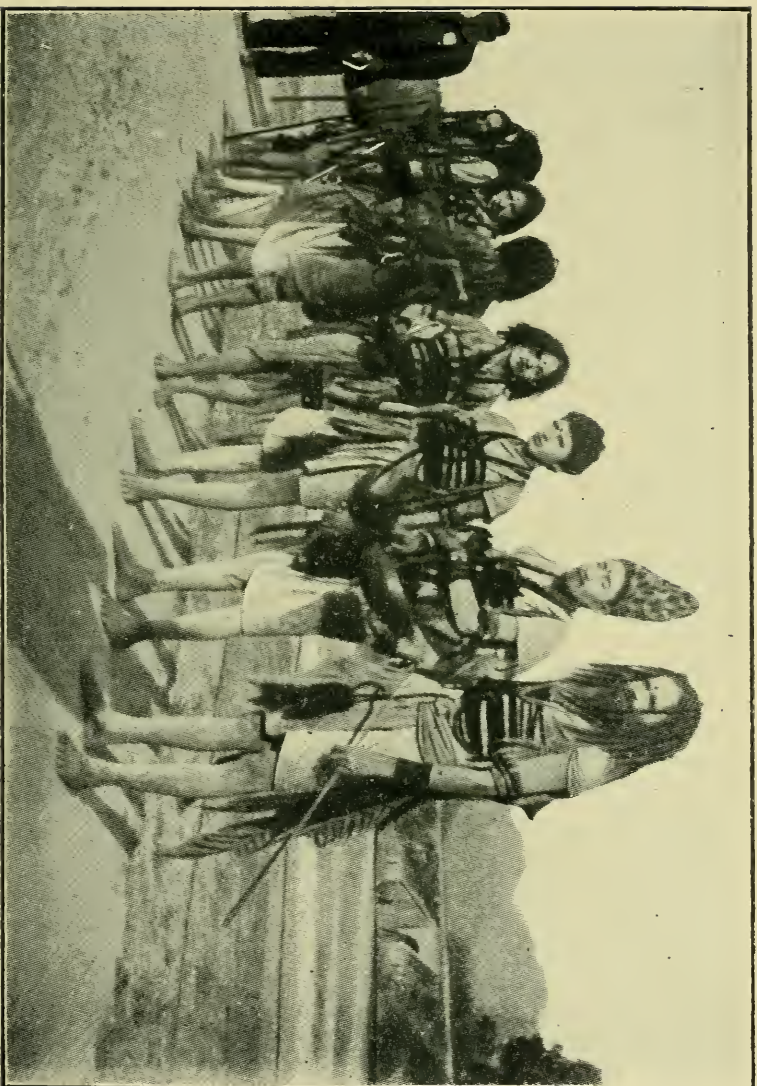
He must have had his mountain top experiences and, likewise, must have gone down into the valleys of defeat and discouragement, but it never seemed so. There was such a beautiful evenness about his experience, such consistency, such constant touch and fellowship with God, such cheery, radiant genuineness about his life that it almost gave the impression that he had nothing but sunshine and victory.

His religious life was not like the rushing, roaring mountain stream, now tearing madly along, carrying everything before it, now turned aside or held back by some obstacle, later to burst forth with renewed force ; now lost in some deep dark chasm ; now emerging into the sunlight ; now fed by the mountain storm, until it is a noisy torrent ; now deprived, by the failing

of rains of its abounding fulness, running low and slow. But rather was it like the deep, broad, quietly flowing stream, fed from unseen fountains, supplied by constant streams, moving slowly, steadily forward ever broadening deepening and becoming more irresistible, bringing fertility, and life in its onward course.

His life was as pure as a ray of sunlight. As he hated meanness and as he was incapable of doing a mean thing, so he hated impurity and was incapable of thinking an impure thought. His sensitive soul shrank from and abhorred impurity. He loved to hear and to tell stories; his sense of enjoyment of good stories was keen and he could tell them with a rare charm and effectiveness. But for a coarse jest or a story of questionable propriety, he had nothing but unqualified disapproval.

The fine texture of his pure and purity loving soul is brought out by an incident that took place, while he was district superintendent. One of his most prominent preachers had sinned and his sins had found him out. An investigation could not be avoided. Mansell summoned the parties to his house, it being the only convenient place to hold the investigation. But he could not endure the thought of desecrating the rooms where he and Mrs. Mansell usually resorted, by the re-



SADHUS, "HOLY" MEN OF THE HINDUS, AT HARDWAR

velation of sin and depravity that he knew must be made. Home was too sacred a place to be thus polluted. He would not allow even the dumb walls and furniture where they lived most, to become the unconscious witnesses of the dreadful secrets that must be dragged out into the light of day. Accordingly a *spare room*, as far away from the living room as possible, was prepared and the investigation was held there.

The following tributes, by two of his intimate friends, will help to make clear what has already been said. The first is by a lifelong friend now in another mission in India, and the second, by his close friend and Seminary classmate, Dr. Chas. R. Brown, now Dean of Yale Divinity School. The latter was written a quarter of a century ago and refers to his life in the old Seminary days.

“If I were asked to name an example of a perfect boyhood, it would be that of William A. Mansell. Being human, he doubtless had some infirmities though they never were seen by me and the beautiful temple of his character and life has been well described, at the time of his death, as being a perfect cube the length and breadth and height all being equal.

The foundations of this temple of character were laid in his youth. His later life was but the natural expansion, under the influence of God's

grace in Christ, of those earlier days. His life, then, was what it was later, on a larger scale; a perfect example of a natural boyhood that was pure; a deep religious nature that was not morose; an exuberant joyfulness that never become frivolous. And with it all a beautiful, sincere humility which acknowledged all as but the reflection of the Saviour's excellences."

Dr. Brown writes, "I used to watch the shine on Mansell's face and, while it arises largely from the devoted, spiritual life he leads, yet something is due to the perfectly chaste life, not only in deed but in thought. He was better than we were—I mean better than C—, and S—, and H—, and—yes than you and me. I think back on it now and I think there was a more saintly quality in his life and walk than we had yet attained." Further on in the letter, he adds, "Give Mansell my love. He is a prince of good fellows. It is a help to me always to remember his disposition and character through all our experience in those three years in 72 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston."

If these words could be written of the young man just out of the Seminary, what shall we say of that ripe, rich spirituality, that abundance of life that a quarter of a century of constant growth brought him?

The following words fit Mansell so well that,

one might almost suppose they were written in description of him.

“There are some men in whose presence all that is best in us blossoms out, as if our virtues were basking in the sun. We think better, feel more noble, and are impelled to high deeds. The atmosphere around them is reminiscent of the mountain and the rose-garden. They have a charm which casts a spell over us, an inner beauty and grace which are encouraging, constraining, contagious.”

“It was this, we think, that was in Paul’s mind, when he gave utterance to the strange and astonishing words: ‘We are, unto God, a sweet savor of Christ’. He boldly attributes to God the sense of smell; for how better could he by words describe the perfume, the emanation, the subtle, pervasive influence of a soul? We can only describe one perfume by comparing or contrasting it with another. We say, ‘this is like violets, that resembles roses, this we associate with jasmine.’ So the sweet graciousness, the scent of love, that rose up to God like incense from the Christian heart, could best be spoken of as a savor which reminded God of that savor which he perceived as emanating only from Christ or from those who had been with Christ.”

CHAPTER XIV

LAST DAYS

RETURNING to America after the World's Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, to which he was a delegate, Mansell had only time to see family friends for a few days, before he was called to the opening of the fall campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement which was to receive much light and added impetus from the great Missionary Conference. He, foregoing his hoped-for rest after nine years of heavy work in the trying climate of India, threw himself unsparingly into the cause. Long journeys, much exposure, constant changes of climate and scene, two or three addresses a day was the programme for all the latter part of 1910. His own health kept him, much to his sorrow, out of the work for several weeks. He had only just returned to it in February, when Mrs. Mansell's illness called him away and kept him at her bedside for weeks. Later, a severe operation kept him in hospital for a month. He was thus prevented from re-entering the regular campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, but, in the months that followed, he was active and busy

giving Missionary addresses wherever he could. His letters during these days to his friends in India were bright and cheery and full of eager anticipations of the glad day when he might once more be at his post among his colleagues, bearing his share of the burdens.

Dr. and Mrs. Mansell returned to India in December 1911, but it was evident that he was not the well, strong man that his friends had hoped to welcome into their midst once more. They saw unmistakable indications that he was in the grip of some deep-seated disease. The Conference met, as usual, early in January, and, though he was alert and interested, yet there was a noticeable lack of the old-time elasticity. He had been asked to conduct the morning devotional exercises of the Conference, and, while there was an absence of the energy that characterized his pulpit work, yet, it was more than compensated for by the richness of the spiritual tone of the addresses. His inner life, always rich and fervent, seemed to have attained unto new riches and power and to have advanced to a higher level. The spiritual fragrance of the morning addresses pervaded the work of the whole day. His appointment at the close of the Conference read, as every one anticipated that it would, Bareilly Theological Seminary.

A few weeks after the adjournment of the North India Conference, came the Central Conference at Baroda. Mansell was a delegate to this and had been invited to conduct the morning devotional exercises. Meanwhile, he had attended the session of the North-West India Conference, in order to be present at the memorial services to his father. A severe cold had laid hold of him as he returned, which, later, threatened to develop into pneumonia. Accordingly, it was not thought safe for him to go with the company to Baroda, but to stay behind a day or two for treatment. However, he arrived in time to begin his work according to the programme, although his strength was not equal to the demand.

An interesting incident happened as he was leaving his home for the railway station. A carriage had been called, but was delayed in arriving. There was barely time to meet the train. On the way to the station, the carriage suddenly stopped and, on inquiring the cause, he was calmly informed by the driver that his shoes had dropped off and that he was going back in the darkness to try to find them. Suddenly, and without a word from any one, the horses started and ran at full speed down the road toward the station. They were running away, but force of habit took them toward the station; they dashed

into the station yard and up to the right gate and came to a sudden halt. Mansell rushed out, crossed over the bridge to the train which he barely caught, not even having time to purchase a ticket. The fortunate accident of the runaway enabled him to get his train which he otherwise could not have done, and he reached Baroda in time to begin his work. Returning from Baroda, he resumed his work, but it was done, at times, in much bodily weakness and distress.

The last half of February and the first half of March was the month appointed for special revival efforts all over India and, in these, he was busy and interested, preaching when able and always planning for the meetings and directing the workers, even when weakness made it impossible for him to take active part. Being a member of the Municipal Board of Bareilly, he was appointed to superintend an election, and, so carefully was this task performed, that his was the only ward in which the election was not contested. But the work was hard and exacting. On the following day, March 19th, he was found to have Bright's disease and the doctor ordered him to remain quietly in bed for a month. On the 30th, which was his birthday, the little girls of the Orphanage, who loved him and felt his love for them, came over to serenade him.

They sang their hymn in an adjoining room, while he looked on through the parted curtains.

At first, it was hoped that the disease was merely a severe, acute attack, but, later, the inexorable fact had to be faced that his was a case of chronic Bright's Disease with its attendant high blood-pressure and that, in connection with a seriously impaired heart-action. The deep-seated disease had laid a firm hand on him that death only would relax. The fight might last a year or a decade, but it could have but one outcome. Over twenty years before this, when returning from a trip to the Pindari glacier, far in the interior of the mountains, he was taken with a severe and prolonged attack of rheumatic fever. From time to time in the earlier of the intervening years, this had returned to a lesser degree, but there can be no question that, in that first attack, was laid the foundation of that bad heart-action which eventually hastened his death. When he was first ordered to stay in bed, as he was not suffering and hoped to be well soon, he found the experience amusing. When the discovery was made and communicated to him, that he had an incurable malady, it was a terrible blow, but was borne without a murmur or complaint, as were his sufferings throughout all his illness.

At various times during the year following, he

had thus to remain in bed for days, and sometimes for weeks at a time, on account of heart-trouble and high blood-pressure. But his work was always in his thoughts and, when it was possible for him to do any thing at all, he was busy in bed doing whatever could be done there.

In June, though weak and easily exhausted, he went to Shahjahanpur to assist in a workers meeting where the men and women of the District had been assembled for special training, and delivered a series of sermons on "Christian Models." At the close of each address, he had to lie down for a long rest. Throughout August and September, such entries as these occur in his diary, "Preached in English and Hindustani"; "Preached before the Epworth League Convention in Moradabad"; "Preached at the Parade Service in the morning and in the English Service at night".

During the months of October and November, he attended some important committee meetings and carried on his regular work as best he could. But most of his plans for attending the District Conferences, where his messages were looked forward to with so much interest, had to be cancelled. With much difficulty, he was able to attend the last part of one or two of the meetings

of his own District Conference in Bareilly, but had to remain absent from some of the more important meetings connected with the Conference. At the close of one of the meetings all the preachers, together with the missionaries, came to serenade him, singing a hymn which he himself had translated "*Khuda Hafiz hai*", "God will take care of you". It was a great delight to him, to be thus assured that he was so much in the hearts and prayers of his fellow workers. "Commencement Day" of the Seminary year, December 13, found him too weak to preside, but able to make a very short address. The work of this and the following day told on his strength and, for several days succeeding, such entries as these are found in his diary, "Had a hard night", "Not up to much", "Feeling the need of rest". But on the 29th, he preached in Hindustani and on the following day conducted the usual monthly workers meeting of the Circuit. He was unable to attend the Watch-night Service, but, on the following day, he went out to Budaon to be with his *guru bhai* (teacher—brother) as he called William Peters at a little birthday party given to Mr. Peters. Later in January, his colleague on the Seminary staff, Rev. O. M. Buck was called to America on account of sickness of his family. Mansell with tears in his eyes bade him good-by,

adding pathetically, "I may not be here when you come back".

Early in February, Dr. and Mrs. Mansell went to Lucknow to attend the meetings of the Boards of Trustees of the two Colleges. But so little physical strength remained to respond to the willing mind, that the meetings and the greeting of friends left him almost prostrated. Breathing had been difficult for weeks and, tired out from the meetings, his breath came with great difficulty as he lay resting.

February 5th, he was very weak but, in spite of the difficulties and weakness, he was eager to take a drive with Mrs. Mansell through some of the parks and gardens, in fond memory of the first drive they had taken together in those same places just twenty years before, shortly after their engagement. Ever thoughtful and tender toward his wife, he had a peculiar pleasure in this, perhaps, his last drive with her, going over the scenes made sacred by their first love.

From this time on, the record of his days and nights is a record of weariness, pain and weakness and struggle for breath, all borne with perfect submission and patience. His strength failed rapidly. Towards morning after a hard night, Mrs. Mansell asked if she might send for the doctor but, not wishing to disturb her, he said, his

face fine and white and patient, "I think I can stick it out till morning." Conference began at Shahjahanpur on February 19th. His name was on the programme and it was thought that he might be able to take the part assigned to him. Two days before the opening, he was assured that no change in the programme was contemplated and that all hoped that he would be able to be present and take the service. In his own heart apparently, he was doubtful of his ability to make the journey, but when he found that the programme committee, in the hope that he might yet be able to be present, refused to omit his name, he remarked to Mrs. Mansell, "You dont know what a little thrill it gave me to know that the brethren had not shelved me". Later in the week, a friend came from the Conference to his sick room with the pleasing news that he had been re-elected Corresponding Secretary, and that his old appointment had been given to him for the new Conference year. Three different dates had been set for his trip to Shahjahanpur to attend the conference but, on the near approach of the time, his strength was found to be unequal to the demands of the journey and the plan had to be abandoned. February 24th was the last of these dates and, when, on the morning of the last day possible, Mrs. Mansell asked him if he thought he was

strong enough to undertake the journey, there was a return of the old-time smile and a touch of old-time, boyish love of fun in his answer, "It looks rather jubersome."

His intervals of consciousness now were few and short and yet, even then, his thoughtfulness for others did not desert him. He recalled, in one of these short periods of consciousness, that he had, some weeks before, promised to lend a new book that he had read with particular pleasure to a friend, and asked Mrs. Mansell to send it to him before he left the place of Conference. Bishop Warne closed the Conference earlier than was intended, in order that as many of the members as could, might be permitted to visit the bedside of their friend and beloved fellow-worker. Bishop Warne and a large company of missionaries and other members caught the early train and hurried to Bareilly. He was aroused from a stupor when the Bishop and the company were admitted to the sick room. As they entered, the bright, winning smile that all knew of old and loved so well, came over his pain furrowed face, as he addressed a sentence of welcome to each, calling each by name and expressing his joy at seeing them again. At the close of a brief, tender prayer by Bishop Warne, he responded with a fervent "Amen", though it was evident

that he had relapsed into unconsciousness part of the time. A day or two before this, when told that the whole Conference was, with one heart and soul, praying for his recovery, he replied with intense earnestness, "But it must be as God wills".

During the last weeks and days, the heart paroxysms were very distressing and, at such times, Mrs. Mansell would say to him, "Don't be frightened", and the quiet, calm reply would come, "I am not frightened". Once some days before the end, they were praying together and Mrs. Mansell prayed, "Lord help us to love Thee with all our hearts", and, under his breath, there came the response from the very depths of his heart and with such fervency, "*We do*".

Years before, he had read with intense pleasure and had circulated among his friends a little booklet on "The Practice of the Presence of God". In his hour of extremity, that Presence was his refuge. One day, during the terrible period of suspense when he was now better, now worse, his wife told him that she was somewhat troubled because on the days when he was better she did not pray so constantly. At once he answered gently, tenderly and with perfect assurance, "Don't be troubled; we are in the presence of the Father all the time".

During his last week on earth, he rarely spoke, being, for the most part, happily unconscious of the pain his worn out, enfeebled body was passing through. His devoted wife rarely left his bedside ; other friends were with him to the last to perform any ministry possible. But there was little that could be done and few words of comfort could be spoken as a stupor, save at rare intervals, was upon him. On Sunday morning, a day or two before the end when a party of friends had been praying about his bed, and Mrs. Mansell began to sing softly, " Blessed be the name ", he lifted his head from the pillow, as one who is listening to some feeble and far-away sound, but, long since, the eyes had ceased to perform their function and it was not known whether he heard or not. Monday night, severe convulsions set in and, at 6.45 a. m. on Tuesday, March 4th, William Albert Mansell, the saintly man of God, had passed into the glorious presence of Him, Whom all his life he had so devotedly loved and served.

Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy Chosen cannot die !
Like Thee, they Conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

CHAPTER XV

A PILLAR WITH LILY-WORK

“SOLOMON’S brazen pillars which beautified the court of the temple were finished with lily-work. Some characters are strong and stalwart, like those shafts of brass, but, unlike them, they have no lily-work, for the passive virtues are largely lacking. Dr. Mansell was a rare combination of the active and passive excellences. In him, energy, enterprise, courage and other virile virtues received an additional adornment from his sweet reasonableness of character, from his gentleness and from those other graces which St. Paul has so vividly depicted in his Psalm of Love.” Thus writes Rev. J. F. T. Hallowes of Mussoorie, who was closely associated with him in work in the hills and on the plains.

A character, to be complete and finished, needs to be both strong and beautiful. There must be the robust strength, unbending and uncomplaining under its mighty burdens, of the brass column, but the graceful, delicate lily-work, wreathing its rugged strength with grace and beauty, must also be there. Neither is complete without the other.

Mansell was a strong man. The stranger saw

that in five minutes. But the impression of strength grew with more intimate knowledge. There was strength of purpose. When once a course had been decided on, he could carry it out, regardless of the cost in self sacrifice, loss or difficulties involved. A story from his boyhood days clearly shows what might be expected, in this way, of the man. On one occasion, for some reason, he recorded a vow that he would abstain a whole year from the use of butter. Having made the resolution, nothing could turn him from his purpose, until the time had expired. This, in a healthy, growing, young boy of ten years who was particularly fond of butter was no mean victory. After the close of the year, writing to his father, he said, "Yesterday, after a year's abstinence, I took some butter on my bread; it was good."

Though a man of strong purposes, he was ready to listen to arguments, and was the most reasonable of men, where it was not a question of principle. Like most people, he liked his own way best, but easily and gracefully yielded in matters, not of vital importance. He was a strong debater, one of the very best on the Conference or Central Conference floor, but he was not argumentative and had no patience with argument for argument's sake.

But, when it came to a question of principle, he was inflexible. He had clean-cut convictions and had the courage of his convictions. He had never trifled with his conscience and saw quickly and with great clearness the essential elements of a problem and its bearings. Once convinced that a measure was wrong, he fought valiantly to the end. He fought regardless of who or how many were arrayed with him or against him, regardless of any possible consequences to himself, for he had no personal ends to attain. He struck out from the shoulder, and could take, as well as give, blows. He asked no quarter and gave none. While dealing sledge-hammer blows in debate, he would look into the face of his opponent with his most winning smile and the latter could not possibly take offence, for he realized that it was wrong and injustice and hurtful principles, that Mansell was fighting, not the representatives of them. When engaged in a debate, he never descended to the level of a personal encounter. The defeated opponent always knew that the fight, so far as Mansell was concerned, was a fair and square one. He was a perfect stranger to moral cowardice and to the ways of the politician.

One element of his strength was his wisdom in council. He had a mind of remarkable poise

and balance. His vision was clear. Freedom from prejudice enabled him to look at a matter without partiality or narrowness. He could not be petty. He was in much demand, not only on the committees connected with his own denomination, but was a member of the leading inter-denominational committees. He was one of the organizers of the Missionary Educational Union of the United Provinces which has been the middleman between Government and Mission Schools and which has done much to bring these schools into favor with Government. Along with such other men as Ewing of Allahabad, Westcott (now Bishop of Lucknow), Haythornthwaite of Agra and others, he was able to render such service, that a new era of usefulness has dawned for the Mission School in the United Provinces.

Within two or three years after Mansell arrived in India, Dr. Parker, a man of wide experience and of exceptional judgment, wrote him a long letter, telling of the difficulties and problems that he was meeting with in his district work, and closed, saying, "This is the situation; now tell me what to do." More and more this Missionary, himself an expert in Mission problems, who had known and loved Mansell as a child, came to seek and to rely on the clearness and soundness of his

judgment. Mansell did not give advice unasked, but, when it was sought, whether by the troubled, perplexed worker or by some one distressed about religious or other personal problems, he gave his best with unstinted freedom.

With a strong hand, he had put down personal ambition. He sought no place or honor for himself. Self-seeking, his soul abhorred. He would not have lifted a hand to secure the highest place in the gift of the Church. Once, when the Conference was electing delegates to the General Conference, the tellers announced that he and another leading member had each received about the same number of votes and that there was no election. The next ballot would have, without doubt, given Mansell the honor of leading his Conference delegation, as the writer knew personally of several who, owing to a misunderstanding had not, on the first ballot, voted for him, but whose purpose it was to change and give him their votes on the second. But, before the ballot could be taken, he arose and modestly asked his friends not to vote for him, as he did not wish to be a delegate. He preferred to remain at his post and to let another have the honor.

Fitted by ability, scholarly attainments and all the other requisite gifts and graces for the highest posts in our Mission field, he would have

been content to spend his life in the humbler and more obscure posts. It was the greatness *of* the service rather than greatness *in* the service, in which he was permitted to have a part, that appealed to him. It is not too much to say that he would have accepted with equal cheerfulness an obscure position, in charge of a few villages, or a place in the Missionary Episcopacy, and the more lowly position, no less than the more exalted one, would have commanded the best service he had to give, since both alike constitute a part of the service of the one Master.

In a sermon on "He must increase, but I must decrease", preached before the North India Conference at the end of his first year in India, he uses these words which were the keynote of his own life, "Nothing shows John's greatness more clearly than the noble self-renunciation, the self abnegation expressed in these words, 'He must increase, but I must decrease'.

"But, in this self sacrifice, he realized a far nobler and greater ideal. He thus began to fulfill God's plans and gave to us and to all inquirers the solution to the question, 'How can we realize God's ideals?' The answer is found clearly and simply in these words, 'He must increase, but I must decrease'."

He abounded in energy. His step was alert

and brisk; his carriage, erect. He was always busy, worked easily and without friction like a well constructed, well oiled piece of machinery. It was amazing to see the amount of work he could get through, yet never seeming to be in a hurry. He had time to see all callers, to listen to all requests and to chat with any friends who might drop in nor did he by word or sign hint that his work was being interrupted.

Bishop Warne tells how, on one occasion when a number of delegates were going to Madras to attend a Decennial Conference, Mansell was busy writing every time the train stopped. He confessed that he had been so busy before starting that he had not had an opportunity to write up the annual report of his District and that he had to do it on the trains, if at all, Fortunately, he had acquired the power of working rapidly and efficiently in any environment.

When heavy burdens were to be lifted, and hard work to be done, when strong men were required to inaugurate a needed reform or to head off some wrong and hurtful movement, when there was need of a strong, courageous man able to stem a tide or to do an unusually difficult piece of work, all turned toward Mansell, as the one "all around man", best fitted for the task, and he did it willingly and well. His strength, like that

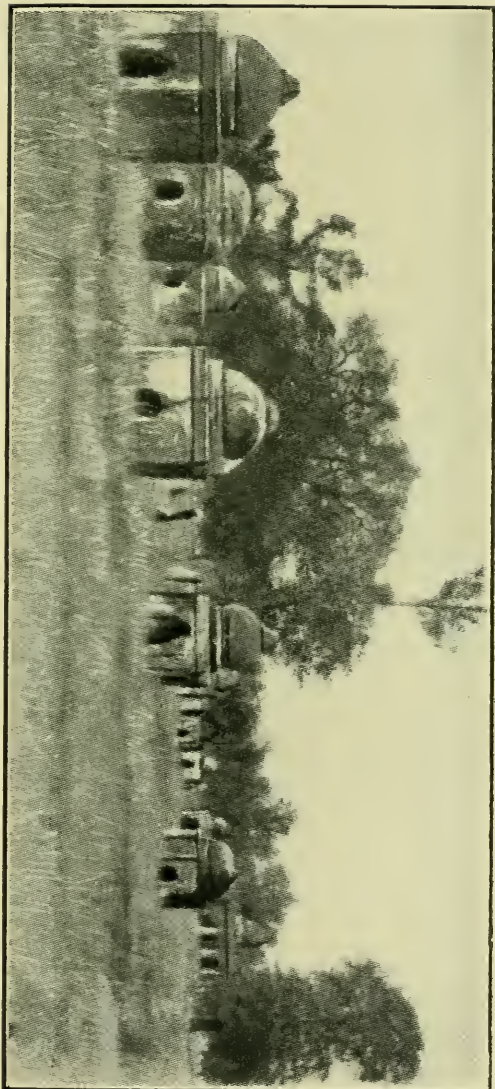
of the brass pillar in the temple, never failed in meeting the need of the hour.

Turning to the other phase of his character, one of the first among his graces to catch the eye was his absolute unselfishness. He lived to serve. He turned his own life into account for the gain of other lives. He was happiest, when ministering. His life, like the life of Him in whose footsteps he humbly walked, was a sacred trust to be poured out in ministry. "A beautiful tribute," says Bishop Warne, "was once paid by a wife to her husband, which just fits Dr. Mansell. The wife was going to the railway to meet her husband and had with her a servant who had never seen him. Arriving at the station, she remained in her carriage, telling the servant to go and meet him. The servant asked how he, never having seen his master, would be able to recognize him. She said, 'Look for a medium sized, bright faced gentleman helping some one,' and sure enough, the servant found him helping an old lady."

When on furlough, he was to speak at a certain, rather small Church. The pastor had been for three weeks holding special meetings, with not a single encouraging sign. The Church was dead and the pastor discouraged. Mansell changed his plans stayed over night to help the pastor and threw

himself heart and soul into the evening service. God blessed the work and he left behind a happy, grateful pastor and a Church in which the fires of revival had begun to glow. At another time, he was talking with a pastor who was a self-made man and was struggling, against great odds, to better equip himself for God's service. In the course of their conversation, the pastor said that he had been trying, but without success, to find out the names of the disciples, as they were seated in Da Vinci's famous painting of the Last Supper. Months afterwards in Boston, Mansell found the names desired, made a copy and sent it to the pastor. He had not forgotten. He was always doing just such ministries, whether at home or abroad, in America or in India. He thought of things to do for people and ways of doing them that ordinarily were overlooked by other people. In that Day, the number of those who were hungry, in prison or sick, and were ministered to by this man of God, will be a great army.

He had a peculiar aptness in discovering what was needed and in doing it with a grace and tact that never wounded where he meant to be kind. This faculty might almost be called his sixth sense which seemed infallibly to tell him what to do and what not to do, what to say and what to leave unsaid. He seemed to read the



MEMORIALS OF MISGUIDED DEVOTION, MARKING THE SITE OF
FORMER WIDOW-BURNINGS
(Bijnor District)

minds of people and to discern what would help and what would hurt, what subjects to discuss and what to avoid. It must have been his exquisitely sympathetic nature that guided him into saying and doing just the right thing at the right time. When conversation was taking a turn that was likely to hurt or offend some one, those who knew him well could at once discern a degree of uneasiness in him that never disappeared till the danger point had been safely passed.

He never appeared to be depressed. He radiated good cheer. The room seemed brighter when he entered it. It was said of Phillips Brooks that, one dark, cold, foggy day he was on the streets, bright and smiling, nodding to and greeting people on every side with such unaffected good cheer that it seemed as if there had been a rift in the clouds and the sun in all his beauty had burst forth to brighten the earth. Mansell's laugh was clear, ringing and contagious. He laughed with enthusiasm and abandon. Few who have heard it will ever forget its pure, joyous ring. But a laugh on his lips never meant a wound in another's heart. He rarely laughed at any one, but when he did, there was a situation so amusing and humorous that the victim laughed loudest of all. His wit was effervescent and

bright stories were ever on his lips, but, in his wit and stories, there was never any sting.

His never-failing power to see the humour in any situation and to make others see it, was "the saving, steady, balance wheel of sanity and health" in a life of heavy duties and responsibilities. It enabled him to throw off cares and burdens and, for the moment, to forget their existence, while he yielded himself unreservedly to the enjoyment of a humorous situation. A characteristic illustration happened about three months before his death. It was at the Edinburgh Continuation Conference conducted by Dr. John R. Mott, in Allahabad. Mansell had been a delegate to the Edinburgh Conference and was also a delegate to the one in Allahabad. A number of Methodist delegates were being entertained in the home of our Missionary in that city. Mansell's health and strength had been gradually failing and at this time, under the doctor's orders, he was on strict diet. He had been told that, in the course of the whole week, he might eat two eggs. One evening at dinner, a dish of nice, warm, crisp doughnuts was brought in and put on the table. Doughnuts being something of a rarity in India, their appearance induced some pleasant remarks and recollections of the homeland. Mansell, turning to the hostess,

said, "Mrs. Price, do you use eggs in making doughnuts?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he again asked. "About how many doughnuts could you make out of two eggs?" On being told that two eggs would make about as many as there were on the table, with one of his bright smiles, he instantly replied, "Then I will take my two eggs in the shape of doughnuts."

As a guest, he was always delightful and charming, as well as thoughtful for the interest of all. His presence in a home was a benediction. He never failed to bring happiness and joy where he was being entertained. He quickly became the friend of every member of the home, especially of the children. Where he was known, they could hardly wait for "Uncle" Mansell to arrive. If perchance he came in the night, the first question, on waking was, "Did 'Uncle' Mansell come?" They not only expected a good time with him, but they knew that he rarely failed to bring something with him that would add to their delight, showing that he thought of them in his absence. It might be a box of candy, a toy, pictures cut out from a magazine or even paper birds made by his own hand; whatever it was, it was the one thing they apparently wanted most. He always seemed to have time to tell them stories, to romp with them, and they never tired of

either. His feeling toward them is shown by his own statement, made on one occasion, "I love to make little children happy." He made himself so agreeable and pleasant that he quickly captured the whole house-hold, even to the cats and dogs. He could pull a dog's tail harder and tumble it over more roughly than anyone else and yet the dog seemed to be having the best time of all. He was interested in every thing that was of interest to man, but he loved people. While the world is full of good things and he loved all that God has made, yet to him the best creation of God was men and women; to be with them, to be in their homes, to talk with them, to be able to help and cheer them, to leave them brighter and better, stronger and on a higher level, this made up the supreme joy of living. While on his last furlough, he was entertained in the home of one of the warm friends of the Bareilly Seminary. Death had saddened that home by removing the only son on whom were centered the love and hopes of his parents. He was a young man of unusual promise and was looking forward to a life of joyous service in the ministry, when death cut him down in the flower of his youth. The parents bowed in humble submission to the divine will, but life could never again be the same to them. The stricken mother

whose wounded heart never healed, wrote of Dr. Mansell's visit, "To tell you what he was to us, during those three days at H—., would be impossible. For once happiness was unalloyed."

He could weep with those that wept, and, what is even more difficult of attainment, he could sincerely rejoice with those that rejoiced. The sorrows of others he made his own; he could rejoice with unaffected delight over the good fortune of others. To the feeling of envy he was an absolute stranger. The success or good fortune of a friend brought him greater joy than did his own. It was said of a certain Roman nobleman that, when his face was more gloomy than usual, he had either himself had some bad fortune that morning or he had received word of the good fortune of some friend. Mansell was his exact antithesis in this respect. He loved to see other men do well and receive the reward due to worthy achievements and, in his congratulations, there was no trace of either flattery or of envy.

It was the testimony of all who had ever worked with him that he was "easy to work with." Not, however, in the sense that he did not get work out of his associates or subordinates. He himself was a tireless worker and he had no place for, or sympathy with one who was not of

the same mind. He did not impose his way or his will on his fellow workers arbitrarily. He wanted the best way, whether his own or that of some one else. Decisions were generally arrived at after fullest consultation. There was always a "sweet reasonableness" about all that he did, and he was considerate of the wishes of others. He lived up to Paul's instructions when he said, "Be ye tenderly affectioned one to another; in honour preferring one another." He believed in men and, for this reason, was able to get more work and better work out of them, whether Missionary or Indian. His feeling toward the less competent and reliable was that,

"The surest plan
To make a man,
Is to think him one".

Every one will do his best in the atmosphere of sympathy, love and appreciation. Such an atmosphere always surrounded him. This grace of brotherly appreciation is worthy of the cultivation of all who would secure the best results for the King. The smallest favour, whether from his friends or his fellow workers or servants, always received its appropriate reward of appreciation. These qualities of gratitude and appreciation will endear his memory to all who have been associated with him.

While generous in the bestowal of praise, yet praise was always embarrassing to him. The spirit of his service was so simple and selfless that it did not occur to him that, having done his duty, he was deserving of praise, but was satisfied if his Master was pleased. On all other occasions, he had the appropriate word ready, save when men praised him; then only, he did not seem to know what to say.

He would have been astonished, had he known of the profusion of praise that has been poured out in India, from press and lip and pen, from widely differing sources. An old missionary, who had known him from childhood, wrote, "There never was a fault in connection with him", and a beautiful and unexpected tribute to the symmetry of his character and his spirit of perfect love came from a class of orphanage girls, just entering their teens. The Sunday School lesson was on the perfect Christian life and, in response to the questioning of their teacher, they had acknowledged that an absolutely perfect life was an impossibility in this world. But the missionary questioned farther. Had they ever seen anyone who met their ideal of what a perfect Christian could be in this life, "Yes", they answered, as with one voice, "Dr. Mansell".

These are only a few of the many lilies wreath-

ed in the work that crowned the strong pillar of his character.

The pillar, however strong and unbending, would have been incomplete without the lily-work; it would have been equally incomplete had not the rugged strength been there. Strength and beauty, harmoniously wrought out in character, represented that ideal of perfection that he strove to attain. The Heavenly Father has now removed this pillar with its exquisite lily-work, from His earthly to His Heavenly sanctuary, where he has become "a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go out thence no more."

CHAPTER XVI

STORIES AND INCIDENTS

ONE of Mansell's most prominent characteristics was his well known love of pure, unadulterated fun. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous; the humour of a situation appealed to him with irresistible force. The following stories illustrate this side of his nature.

Once while in the Theological Seminary at Boston, he and a friend went out for their first ride on an electric street-car. The electric car was yet in the experimental stage. It was a question whether the old, reliable horse car would be able to hold its own against the new departure or whether the electric car would eventually drive the horse car from the field. The current was the underground one. When they reached the end of the line, on this, their first ride, the momentum of the car carried it off from its own track, clear over into that of the horse car. The conductor invited the passengers to get out and lend a hand in helping to push it back into its own track. Mansell furnished amusement for the crowd by reciting, from the platform, as they pushed the reluctant car into its own track, King

Richard's lament, "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Once in our early days in India during a summer vacation, Mansell and the writer were taking a long tramp in the Himalaya Mountains. We had toiled up a high mountain under a burning sun and, reaching the top, we sat down to rest. After a few minutes Mansell went to a stream that crossed the road and followed it up some little distance, to get a drink. A minute later, he called to me to come. Wondering what discovery he might have made in that wild, strange mountain region, I hastily joined him. He did not speak, but, with a look of amusement, pointed to a clear, beautiful pool of water about two feet deep. There at the bottom, shining with undimmed brightness lay his watch, face up. He had stooped to drink; the watch, unprotected by a guard, had fallen into the pool and the humour of the situation had so strongly appealed to him that he could not resist the temptation of sharing it with his companion.

Bishop Warne tells the following story which illustrates Mansell's ability to throw off cares and burdens. "It was at the Muttra summer school. We had had long, strenuous services during the steamy, oppressive heat of an August day and we came in all tired out. Tiffin was called and we

went into the dining room. Mansell and I were the first to arrive. While we waited, the ayah, dressed in spotless white, brought the little baby girl freshly bathed and dressed and set her in the high chair at the table. Mansell spied on the table a dish of blackberry jam. He took a spoonful of juice from the dish, put it on the baby's plate and then, sticking her chubby hand into it, taught her to rub it all over her face. There was consternation in the eyes of the ayah. The parents arrived, saw with alarm the face of the little baby girl, but the mischievous smile on Mansell's face gave them the key to the situation and roars of laughter from all sides followed. Heavy burdens were forgotten ; happy heartedness and good fellowship, conducive to proper digestion, followed and the tiffin was a delightful occasion to every one."

Other incidents of a different character may not be uninteresting. While Mansell was in Bijnor, he waged incessant warfare against every tendency, however slight, on the part of the Christians, to revert to old idolatrous practices. His workers caught the spirit of their leader and sought to wipe out every vestige of idolatry. In a village not far from Bijnor, two young workers had tried long and hard to secure the destruction of a shrine belonging to a nominal Christian family. One day after they had talked with the

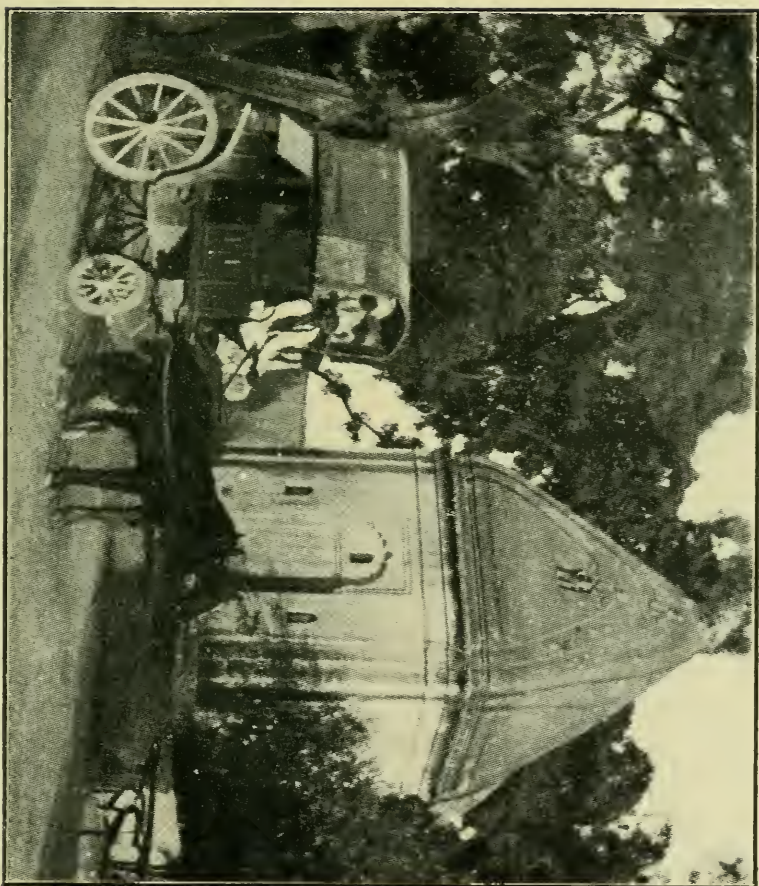
man, they prayed with him earnestly, with the result that the younger men of the family were ready to destroy the shrine, but the father stubbornly refused to give his consent. Again they knelt and poured out their hearts in earnest prayer that the man's heart might be softened and that he might be led to put away this stumbling-block. They felt that the power of the Spirit was present in a wonderful manner. No sooner had they gotten up from their knees than the old man cried out, "Bring me a hoe", and, with the hoe, he dug up the long-honoured mud shrine. As it was being torn to pieces, out leaped two large, black cobras. The snakes were hastily despatched. Then the old man exclaimed, "Oh! I have always venerated this as the abode of God, but now I find that it has been the hiding place of the devil". Not long afterwards, the whole family fell sick with fever. Their friends and neighbours taunted them, saying, that this calamity was the result of the anger of the god whose shrine they had destroyed and that, until it was rebuilt, they would never be well again and urged them to lose no time in rebuilding it. "No", they replied, "We will die, if need be, but we will never rebuild the old shrine". This news was brought to Mansell at the time when the workers were all assembled in Bijnor for the District Conference.

He was so moved by the devotion and loyalty of this family, even in affliction, that, on the Sunday following, he sent out some workers with a special message of love and sympathy, assuring them that they were being remembered at the throne of grace and that God would surely visit them in their affliction.

In some ways, Mansell seemed to have borne a charmed life. Once, while he was a baby in arms, his parents were out in camp. In the early darkness, it so happened that, for a time, there was no one in the tent, where the little baby lay. A strange noise close by the tent attracted the attention of some one who, on going to ascertain the cause, found a wolf prowling around the tent in search of an opening. A few minutes more and he might have been carried away and torn to pieces. A similar instance occurred while he was a child in Pauri. He and Hettie were just at the gate of the mission compound one evening, playing. Dr. Henry Mansell happened to be looking in their direction and called out quickly, with a note of warning in his voice, telling them to run to him at once. They had been brought up in habits of instant and unquestioning obedience and, without hesitation, they came running in response to the call. The father had seen a leopard in a tree on the opposite side of a

narrow ravine, about to spring on them. His timely warning had saved the life of one or both of them.

One other instance deserves special mention. It occurred just before the Mansells left Bijnor to take up their appointment in the Theological Seminary in Bareilly. They had about ten days in which to pack up, turn over charge to their successors and get to Bareilly, enroute to the Epworth League Convention at Bangalore and the Central Conference at Madras following close after. Dr. Henry Mansell had gone to attend the North-West India Conference at Muttra, the first time he had been alone since the death of his wife, Mrs. Mansell, M.D. Mansell felt that he must spend the Sunday with his father, so as to be with him when the memorial to his step-mother should be read. Accordingly, he left Bijnor on Friday night at about 8 o'clock in the *dak gari* described elsewhere. The night was cold and he was tired ; so he closed the doors and, spreading his bedding out inside the *gari*, he was soon asleep. Two other similar *garis* had gone just before he started. An hour or more later, he was awakened by the sound of voices and of breaking glass. The *gari* had stopped and men were beating at the door with clubs, having smashed out the lamps to prevent their being seen. Mansell



DAK GARI (Indian mail stage)

called out, demanding to know what they meant. The *dacoits*, hearing his voice, began to thrust their steel-spiked clubs in at the window and to beat him about the head and face. He then forced open the doors and, jumping out into the midst of a party of six or seven men, grappled with the nearest. Blows fell thick and fast ; one heavy blow on the head loosed his hold and nearly brought him to the ground. Having nothing with which to defend himself, he wisely concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and, shaking himself free, escaped in the darkness. The robbers followed some distance, raining blows on him as he ran. Hearing voices in front of him and thinking that he had escaped one band only to fall into the hands of their confederates, he was about to hide in the tall grass at the roadside, when the men ahead called out that they were friends and had come to rescue him. They hurried with him to the watchman's hut near by. It appeared that the two *garis*, that had gone just ahead of his, had also been attacked, but the policeman accompanying them had fired his gun and frightened the robbers off. Halting at the watchman's stand, the travellers had seen the light smashed out and had organized a rescue party.

Mansell spent the remainder of the night in the

hut, a Hindu and a Muhammadan playing the "good Samaritan" to the wounded traveller. They made a bed for him, fomented his wounds, chafed his limbs, and, when urged to stop and take some rest, assured him that, unless they did all they could to keep up the circulation, he was in great danger of losing a limb.

The following morning, he was taken to the hospital in Bijnor where his wounds and bruises received proper attention. As a result of this severe handling, he had a broken head, a black eye, an arm almost broken, with many a black and blue place over his face, body and limbs. It seemed to the writer, who saw him a day or two later, that he had a bandage in every part of the body where a bandage could be applied. The *dacoits* had spared no pains to deliver their blows impartially all over his body. It was weeks before the covering could be removed from his head and his arm, from the sling.

It appeared that an Indian gentleman, who had won a law suit in Bijnor and had, as a result, received several thousand rupees in cash, was reported to be returning that night in the *dak gari* to the railway station. It was for him that the *dacoits* were lying in wait, not for the Missionary. This incident, which nearly cost Mansell his life and the Church one of her leading

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missionaries, was accepted by him as a mere incident in the service of the Master. He had not the slightest desire to pose as either a hero or martyr. With characteristic modesty, he dismissed the whole affair with the following brief reference in his diary, “ ‘ Fell among thieves ’ last night between eight and nine o’clock. Spent the rest of the night in the *chaukidar’s* (night watchman’s) hut.”

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